

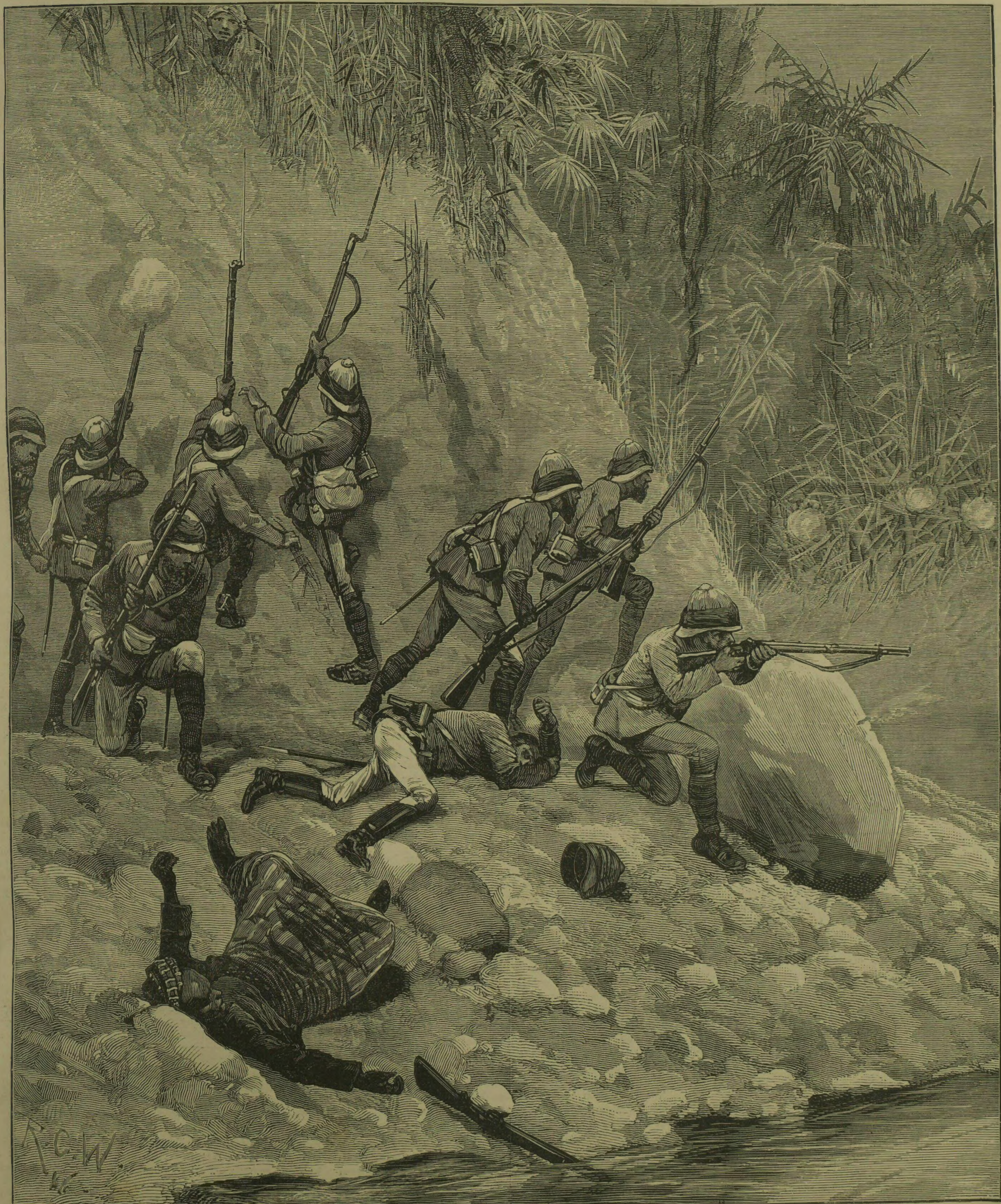
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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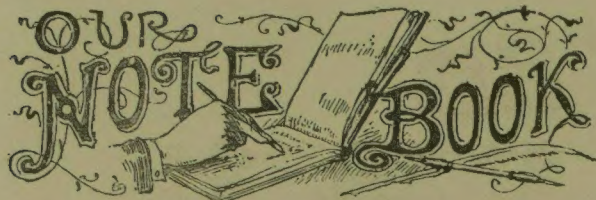
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THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: FIGHT WITH DACOITS, JAN. 12, NEAR SHOAY GHEEN.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN G. A. KEEF, 2ND SCOTS FUSILIERS.



The amenities of English political life were shown to the best advantage on Monday night, at Willis's Rooms, when a testimonial from members of all parties in the House of Commons was presented to the Earl of Iddesleigh. Although at the outset of his Parliamentary career he was reckoned among the small Peelite section, yet for upwards of thirty years he had been identified with the Conservative party, and, on Mr. Disraeli's retirement, was at once recognised as its most fitting leader. The mark of esteem now offered to him shows, therefore, that consistency no less than courtesy is still appreciated in Parliamentary life. There have been statesmen more or less distinguished, of whom has been repeated the trite saying that they "never made an enemy nor lost a friend"; but in most cases it has been a posthumous eulogy, not always the most sincere. To Lord Iddesleigh, however, the words were applied by a political opponent of long standing; and the hearty and unanimous acquiescence with which the sentiment was received, bore testimony to its truth, and marked the esteem in which Lord Iddesleigh and men of his stamp are still held by their contemporaries. It may be that the future of the House of Commons will give but small scope for one of Lord Iddesleigh's stamp and fibre; but it may be hoped that the example of his courtesy and forbearance, of his rectitude and consistency, will not be altogether forgotten when party strife is at its highest, and the traditional decorum of the "Mother of Parliaments" seems most in peril.

The extraordinary scene which occurred at Her Majesty's Theatre last Saturday reminds us that an amusement which twenty years ago was the most popular in England has in great measure lost its power to charm. The career of the Italian opera in this country has been marked by vicissitudes. It was introduced in the reign of William and Mary, and throughout the last century was ridiculed by the wits of the age. Steele and Swift sneered at it, and so, with much humour, did Addison, and Gay's burlesque destroyed for a season the prospects of Handel. "When I go to the opera," said Lord Chesterfield, "I leave my sense and reason at the door with my half-guinea." Goldsmith called it a humdrum amusement; and Fielding, writing of a silly woman, said "her mind was as empty as an opera." In 1745, Miss Talbot writes that "Handel plays to empty walls"; but about fifteen years later the poet Gray said the opera-house was crowded "like any ordinary theatre." When, still later in the century, the house was burnt down, Horace Walpole wrote that the nation had long been tired of operas, and that there was no occasion to rebuild it. He would evidently have agreed with the judgment of Southey that the Italian opera was high treason against common-sense. Of course, the musicians are not left without an answer to the wits; but fashion is not moved by argument, and if the opera has ceased to allure Englishmen, any discussion as to the merits of the musical drama would be a waste of words.

At the present moment, one subject of absorbing interest occupies the minds of Englishmen. Whether Ireland shall be governed by the Imperial Parliament or by the National League, is the momentous question discussed in clubs, in coffee-rooms, and in railway carriages. Possibly, the future historian may discern another question of equal importance to the country, but one far less considered. Lord Wolseley has told us, in language bearing no uncertain tone, that our Army is too small for the work it has to do, that "disaster will some time overtake us, and our soldiers be sacrificed in a hopeless struggle, for which the nation had neither the wisdom, nor the foresight, nor sufficient self-denial to prepare." Very similar language has been used by naval experts; and yet there are rumours of reduction in the one department, and not a hope held out of progress in the other. Indeed, there is no indication that the Government is alive to the necessity of strengthening the defences of the country. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" there are two foolish persons, one of whom is called Sloth and the other Presumption. The former has not generally much power over Englishmen; but Presumption, it may be feared, is gaining ground in these islands.

In spite of muzzles, the mad-dog scare is not yet extinct. Last week, at Peckham, a brave man, whose name deserves to be recorded, seized a dog that had bitten several persons, and cut its throat, after receiving thirteen bites. Happily, hydrophobia is no longer a hopeless disease. M. Pasteur, it is stated, has had 402 patients; and of these only one has died. His system of inoculation is supposed to be preventive. That M. Pasteur has saved the life of anyone attacked by hydrophobia we are not told; and his system involves a cruelty to dogs which men are scarcely justified in inflicting on their "fellow-mortals." M. Buisson's remedy, on the other hand, is unassociated with torture. By the aid of vapour baths and a solution of ammonia, he cured himself, in the first instance, and has since cured nearly one hundred persons "bitten by dogs unmistakably rabid." The treatment has not been simply preventive, and therefore uncertain, but is said to have cured persons suffering from the disease. This is good news, indeed.

When we went (if we did go) to the ball given by our friend the President of the French Republic at his official residence, the Palais de l'Elysée, last month, perhaps it did not occur to many of us to reflect upon the strange history of that not very ancient building. Not very ancient, for it is said to date only from 1718, and is a mere parvenu and mushroom compared with the Louvre, the Tuileries, and many another Palais. It was originally called, says the authority, the Hôtel d'Evreux, from Comte d'Evreux, who had it built. It was purchased by

the notorious Madame De Pompadour, for a trifle of some £30,000; but she tired of her whim after a few days, and her "friend" Louis XV. took it for a sort of Crown "Pantehcon." In 1773 it was sold to the banker Beaujon, after whom is named the Rue Beaujon (where the Tattersall Français is situated); then the Duchess de Bourbon bought it, in 1786; and at the Revolution it became, of course, "National" property. It was then let out to "undertakers" of public entertainments, and received the name of "l'Elysée," on the "lucus à non lucendo" principle, being divided into a suite of very mundane ball-rooms, and what are—anything but euphemistically—called "hells." In 1803 it was sold to Murat, who gave it up to Napoleon I., from whom it passed to the Empress Josephine. There Napoleon resided, we are told, during the Hundred Days; thence he started for fatal Waterloo; there he signed his second abdication; thence he set out for St. Helena. At l'Elysée Alexander I. of Russia stayed, at the time of the second Restoration; and there Alexander II. and Sultan Abdul Aziz, both murdered, were "put up" at the Exposition of 1867. There the Duc de Berry resided from 1816 till he was murdered, in 1820; there was the official residence of Presidents Prince Louis Napoleon (till he "moved," as Emperor, to the Tuileries), M. Thiers, and Marshal MacMahon. Truly, the "péripiétés" of buildings are as many and various as the vicissitudes of men, alive or dead; and a "palais" may become a barber's shop or a "gin-palace," with even more likelihood than a piece of dead Alexander the Great may come to "stop a bung-hole."

Attention has been recently directed to a remarkable criticism of Bunyan, in the "Penny Cyclopædia," proving that at least one man has existed who could see nothing to admire in "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan's greater contemporary, Milton, has also been the object of disparaging criticism, and one of the most noteworthy instances is from the pen of a contemporary. Sir Samuel Morland, in his "Urim of Conscience" (1693), speaks of "a late learned author," who has "fancied to himself a formal and pitched battle upon a vast and wide plain in the north part of Heaven, fought between two mighty hosts of blessed and revolted spirits, conducted and led up by mighty archangels, riding in brazen chariots drawn by foaming steeds, and clad with adamantine coats, one of which was by a massy sword cut down to the waist and stained with angelic blood. One of these armies dug up the terrain of heaven, and with the materials they there found made powder, bullets, and great guns, and with these did great execution upon their enemies, who, in revenge, tore up great mountains by the roots and hurled them at their heads." The reference to Milton seems plain, and yet Sir Samuel styles the book he is criticising "a treatise," and, if he is really animadverting on "Paradise Lost," blunts his own censure by admitting that such flights of fancy are "fit for poets and painters." Did Milton borrow his description from some "treatise," or had some "learned author" copied him, unknown to Sir Samuel Morland?

Sir Samuel Morland, the critic of "Paradise Lost," as above, although a man of parts, can hardly have been a wise man. He had rendered such services to Charles II. in exile that, according to Pepys, he might have had the office of Secretary of State if he had asked for it, and he was famous in his own day as an ingenious inventor and projector. In ours he is, perhaps, best known as the only man who ever put an Ethiopic epitaph into Westminster Abbey. Greek and Latin being inadequate to express the virtues of his first wife, he celebrated them in Hebrew; and his second wife proving more excellent still, he resorted on her behalf to Ethiopic, beyond which no man can go. The sad history of his third choice has lately come to light in the correspondence published by Mr. Mynors Bright in the sixth volume of his edition of Pepys. "A person whom I had relieved in a starving condition" introduced Sir Samuel, "being in very great perplexities and almost distracted for want of moneys," to a female represented as a lady of property, whom he, "believing it a blessing from Heaven for my charity to that person," married in a week. It speedily appeared that Heaven must have chosen some other method of recompensing Sir Samuel's beneficence, for the lady proved to be "a coachman's daughter, not worth a shilling," with other disqualifications so far serviceable that they entitled Sir Samuel to a divorce, and relieved him from all obligation to acquire a new Oriental language in readiness for her demise.

The old vexed question of "declarations" has been raised by somebody complaining of "an owner who runs two horses, declares to win with one, and actually wins with the other." We are told that, "if this sort of thing is to be permitted by the authorities, an owner will declare to win with one of the horses, in order that the public may be put off the scent, and that he may bet on the other." Here we see, once more, how betting, though acknowledged to be "the curse of the turf," is considered to be the main consideration; and here we see, once more, how "the public" is a term that does not always mean the same thing or body. It was only the other day, when the outcry about the "scratching" of Paradox was raised (whose owner had not a bet of any kind, and notoriously never bets), that "the public" were the people who had betted long before the date of the race; but, as a "declaration to win" is not made until just before a race, we are now to understand that "the public" are the people who wait for "the declaration to win" before they bet—that is, wait until just before the race, so that the "scratching" of a horse cannot affect them. The fact is, that "the public" very often, if not generally, means the "sporting prophet," who loses his "prophetic" credit and his money. What an uproar there would have been if Sir Joseph Hawley (in 1863) had been able to win the Derby with either Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve, and had caused Blue Gown to be "pulled" (as Maroon was "pulled" in the St. Leger of 1840). Yet, Sir Joseph had "declared to win" with either Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve in

preference to Blue Gown, and was, therefore, in the position of "an owner who runs two horses, declares to win with one, and actually wins with the other." According to the complainant mentioned above, Sir Joseph, as he could not win with either of his "declared" horses, should have had Blue Gown "pulled" so as not to win with him, so as not to win at all; which is absurd, and would have been "rough" on "the public."

The Girls' Public Day School Company has now completed its fourteenth year of usefulness, and may point, with just pride, to the work it has achieved. Some thirty schools or more have been established, at which, for a moderate sum, an education is provided for girls which will compare favourably with that offered at the best and oldest established grammar schools for boys. Upwards of fourteen thousands girls are now attending these schools, and the directors are able to report that the financial results of their enterprise are as satisfactory as the educational. This is, no doubt, pleasant news to the shareholders; but we venture to think that the time has now come for the company to show a little more faith in its own work and principles. Hitherto the directors have waited, before opening a new school, to be assured that it will be at least self-supporting; and that any advances made for preliminary expenditure will be repaid. In other words, they have offered to provide good instruction only in neighbourhoods where they were certain it would be appreciated. It seems to us that it is precisely in those places where the benefits of education are still ignored or unknown that the society should make its influence felt. We feel certain that the majority of the promoters of this society subscribed their money without any thought of the profits they would derive, and only with the view of advancing the cause of female education. It would be to these persons a subject of sincere regret, if "backward" districts were neglected because the establishment of schools in them might be attended by even a temporary reduction of their dividends.

The soirée of the Art for Schools Association, held last Friday at the Men and Women's College, Queen's-square, was unfortunately deprived of the presence of Archdeacon Farrar, from whom some account of the relations of art to education in the United States was anticipated. The speakers, however, were decidedly representative, Mrs. Westlake (of the London School Board) of elementary, and Dr. Thring (the well-known Head Master of Uppingham School) of secondary education; whilst Mr. Thomas Armstrong, on behalf of the Science and Art Department, testified to the satisfaction with which the authorities at South Kensington watched the development of the movement. The association has now been nearly four years in existence, and during that time has been able, through the generous co-operation of various art publishers, to provide some hundreds of schools with carefully selected works of art. By its agency, not only have the dull, depressing walls of our school-rooms been enlivened, but the interest of scholars in their work has been quickened. Whether any other seed has been sown, the future alone can testify; but most of us can recall the vivid impression made upon our minds by the pictures with which we were familiarised in childhood: and it is only fair to presume that the substitution of works of real merit for the coarse and grotesque lithographs so common thirty years ago must exercise some definite interest upon popular taste.

A "draught through an open window" is a very disagreeable thing, especially in such weather as we have been having, and in a railway-carriage, but take care how you attempt to avoid the nuisance. Do not climb from your compartment suddenly, without a word of explanation, over the partition into the next compartment, where a nervous girl may be sitting. You may drive her, as a man (who only wanted to avoid a "draught from an open window") drove a certain Ellen Bream, to leap out of the train, at the risk of her life; to walk through a tunnel, at another risk of her life (from a passing goods-train); and to be given, ultimately, over to the police. What is extraordinary is that the man did not shut the window, or make some remark about it, if he could not shut it himself. Perhaps he was deaf and dumb; a great many travellers in railway trains seem to be.

Practical philanthropy is so rare in this world, and the Jellabys are so numerous, that "H. M. L.'s" suggestion, in a contemporary, is one to be noticed. In these distressful times, there are few of us who are not alive to the destitution of the poor, and who do not earnestly desire to alleviate their sufferings. Why, practically asks "H. M. L.," waste money in establishing societies with high-sounding names? Why pay heavy rents for offices, and large salaries to officials? The police of your neighbourhood are certain—it is, in fact, their duty—to know of the really deserving cases. Let them inform the worthy poor that, on a certain day in the week, you will provide applicants, who come with a jug or basin, with a fair allowance of good, wholesome soup. Such can be made in the ordinary middle-class house at a minimum of expense, and its distribution, in the way pointed out, is at once efficacious, cheap, and unostentatious.

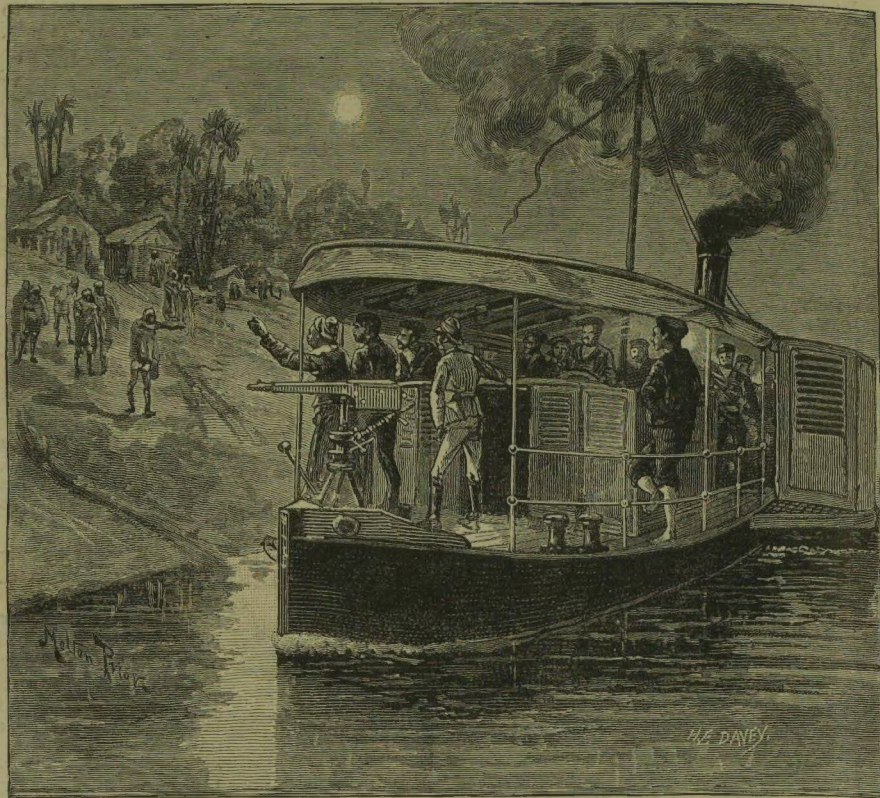
The ratepayers of Kingsbridge have, indeed, reason to be proud of the presence of mind exhibited by the guardians of the local union. We often see in melodramas and read in novels of paupers who, after being driven to the direst depths of starvation, suddenly find themselves wealthy, through the death of an unknown relative, or the ability of vigilant lawyers. An inmate of the Kingsbridge Workhouse woke up one morning to find that she was the possessor of seven hundred pounds. The wideawake guardians of the Devonshire town found it out also; and, before the woman in question had time to dissipate her fortune, they forced her to sign a document undertaking to refund the amount of all relief received by her during the previous twelve months.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is odd, considering how particular her Majesty is, that she should have consented to apparently signalise the publication of the first part of Mr. Richard Burton's "Arabian Nights" by conferring upon him the Order of St. Michael and St. George. I am very glad, however, that his delightful wife, who is as handsome as she is well known to be kind and clever, should have the title of "My Lady." Lord Beaconsfield told Lord Ronald Gower that it was not proper for any man, who could give some woman the right to be addressed by so pretty a title as "My Lady," to remain a bachelor. This appeal to manly good feeling was not successful in Lord Ronald Gower's case; but I am sure there is much force in it. How far nicer is the tripping lightness and yet respectful intonation inevitable in the pronunciation of "M' Lady," than the vulgar, pert "Mum," with which most of us have to be content from our servants! Sir Walter Scott's daughter Anne was often called "Lady Anne" in the family circle, because she came home one day, when about six years old, in a state of great dissatisfaction with the title of "Miss," and asking why she was not called "Lady." She had been spending the day at play with her distant kinswomen, the Duke of Buccleuch's daughters, and she desired that she should be called as they were, instead of merely "Miss Anne." Even "Miss," though too short for dignity, is a prettier title than "Mum." "Mistress" and "Madam" are both very well; but we live, alas! in too hasty an age for ceremonious addresses. I do not know if Lady Burton will care much about it, but I am sure she deserves the pretty title. F. F. M.



BURMESE FAMILIES ON THEIR WAY TO MANDALAY TO SEEK BRITISH PROTECTION FROM DACOITS.



THE STEAM-LAUNCH PEGU, UNDER LIEUTENANT TRENCH, R.N., IN SEARCH OF DACOITS.

THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.

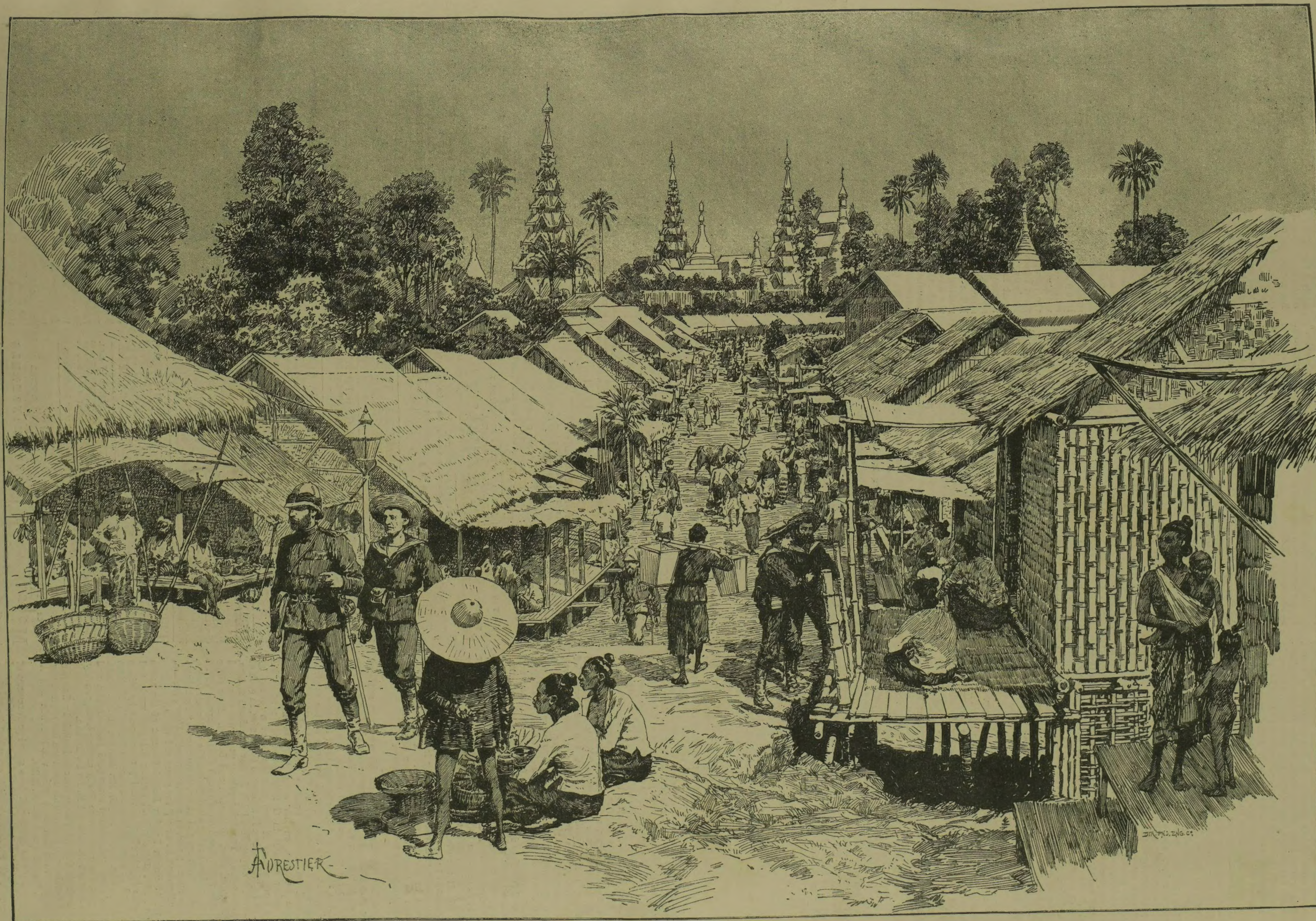
The Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, and those with which we are favoured by a military correspondent, Captain G. A. Keef, of the 2nd Battalion Scots Fusiliers, mostly represent the operations both on land and in armed steam-launches on the rivers of Upper Burmah, in pursuit of the numerous gangs of robbers, such as in India are called "dacoits," still infesting some districts of that country. It is probable that these predatory bands consist of former soldiery of King Theebaw's broken-up army; they have become a terrible scourge to the peaceable natives, and it is the duty of the British Government to put them down. We learn by telegraph that so recently as the 18th inst., and in the city of Mandalay, notwithstanding the presence of a British garrison, a nocturnal raid of such ferocious marauders alarmed the inhabitants, and kept them on the

alert from eleven o'clock until three in the morning. Several houses were robbed, and the occupants were maltreated; two were killed. Now that the country has been taken in hand by the British Government it is absolutely necessary to have a larger European or Indian force to keep order, as the Burmese police are worthless. There is a great feeling of relief among the Europeans that the annexation of the country is to be carried out thoroughly. The Civil Commissioner, Mr. Bernard, is arranging measures for the restoration of order. Three thousand up-country military policemen will be at once sent from India to Upper Burmah, and a thousand to Lower Burmah; they will be mainly Ghoorkas and Sikhs, and will be drilled and commanded by officers from the native army; they will be armed with Sniders.

Another of Mr. Prior's Sketches gives a view of the principal street of the frontier town of Bhamo, which has already been described.

The Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and Lady Dufferin left Rangoon for Madras on the 25th ult. On the day before, Lord Dufferin laid the foundation-stone of the new Anglican cathedral. His Excellency expressed his opinion that the Burmese were a most lovable people, and said he considered those happy whose lot was cast among them. The Viceroy held a Durbar, when a number of addresses and petitions were presented to him, and he conferred honorary distinctions on three Burmese gentlemen. In the evening a ball in honour of the Viceroy, to which more than 1000 guests were invited, was given in the Townhall. Fytche-square was brilliantly illuminated by myriads of coloured lamps, and the ornamental water in the centre was lit up with the electric light. The principal Burmese inhabitants had decorated and illuminated the graceful Soolay Pagoda, which adjoins the Townhall; it was a blaze of light from the foundation to its tapering summit. The entertainment was a great success.

ELEPHANT TOWING THE ARMED LAUNCH, PATROL, OFF A SHOAL IN THE RIVER SITTANG.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN G. A. KEEF, 2ND SCOTS FUSILIERS.



THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: PRINCIPAL STREET IN BHAMO.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Society opened its seventy-fourth season on Thursday week, at St. James's Hall, with a concert of strong and varied interest. A novelty in the programme was a violin concerto by Herr Moszkowski, whose charming piano-forte music has recently made his name favourably known in this country. The work now referred to consists of the usual three movements, the central one—an Andante—perhaps, is the best, as being less laboured, and more full of flowing melody, than the other two portions, which, with many effective points—both for the orchestra and the solo instrument—are somewhat laboured in treatment. The violinist was M. Tivadar Nachéz, who executed the many difficulties of his part with facile skill. Another specialty of the concert was a new orchestral piece entitled "The Forest of Arden," consisting of two movements—an intermezzo called "An Autumn Morning," and a "Tantara" styled "The Hunt's Up." There is some clever writing in each of these divisions, and the work, conducted by the composer, was much applauded. Madame Frickenhaus gave an intelligent rendering of Schumann's piano-forte concerto in A minor, and Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli contributed two vocal pieces with great refinement of style. The programme began with Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony and closed with Cherubini's overture to "Les Deux Journées." The orchestral playing was worthy of the long-established reputation of the society. With the exception of Mr. Gadsby's work, "The Forest of Arden," the performances were directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan—with the same calm power and judgment as during last year's season, the first of his appointment to the office. The next concert will be given on March 18.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
SUDDEN CLOSE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

The re-opening of a new season of Italian opera here, with "Il Trovatore" last Saturday week, and the performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" on the following Tuesday, have already been recorded. On Thursday week "Il Trovatore" was repeated, with some change in the cast, Madame Sinico having appeared as Leonora, in which character she manifested much of her old dramatic power; Mdlle. Oselio, as Azucena, having fully maintained the good impression previously made by her. Other features call for no notice.

On Saturday last "Faust" was the opera, with the début, as Margherita, of Mdlle. Dalti, who made a favourable impression in the music of the garden scene, with which the performance prematurely ended. The other principal characters—Siebel, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Valentino—were filled, respectively, by Mdlle. Bojenko, Signor Vizzani, Signor Vidal, and Mr. Walter Bolton. After the Kermesse scene there was a long delay, that roused the demonstrative portion of the audience into vehement expressions of dissatisfaction. Nearly three quarters of an hour elapsed before the curtain drew up for the garden scene (the third act), and by this time the noises in the auditorium had increased so as to render the orchestral prelude and the voice of Siebel inaudible. Mdlle. Bojenko withdrew until quiet was restored, and then sang her aria, "Le parlate d'amor," with good effect; and the remainder of the garden scene was gone through fairly well by the characters concerned in it. The curtain fell on the end of the act, which proved to be the close of the musical performance. Another prolonged delay occurred, and elicited expressions of dissatisfaction stronger if possible than in the previous instance. The absence, during the performance, of some members of the orchestra, and rumours of money difficulties between the management and the company, had earlier in the evening offered some presage of a disastrous climax, but scarcely foreshadowed such a pitiable result as that which ended Saturday night at her Majesty's Theatre. The prolonged storm of hissing, howling, yelling, and derisive choral singing (including the multitudinous delivery of "We won't go home till morning") that proceeded from the occupants of pit and galleries, was followed, after a long interval, by the appearance of the stage manager, who, amid a Babel-like confusion, stated that the carpenters and scene-shifters refused to continue to fulfil their duties, and that it was therefore necessary to stop the performance. Renewed yells followed from the demonstrative portion of the audience, and the curtain was raised, disclosing some hundred or so of carpenters, scene-shifters, chorus-singers, and supernumeraries, uttering excited exclamations, and appeals to the audience for money aid; in response to which coins of various value were thrown on to stage, and were scrambled for, as in a street tumult. Of all the disgraceful scenes in theatrical history this was perhaps the most so. Fortunately, the loud-tongued malcontents among the audience (justly indignant) expended their wrath in derisive vocal sounds. A more impulsive public, such as could be found in other countries than this, might have proceeded to dangerous excesses.

The Monday Popular Concert of this week was rendered especially interesting by the reappearance of Signor Piatti, after a long suspension of his professional career, caused by the injury to his arm, sustained during last summer. His incomparable violoncello performances, both in solos and in concerted pieces, have been special features at the concerts from their first establishment, in 1859. The reappearance of Signor Piatti on Monday evening was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome, on his entry to take his part in Mozart's string quintet in G minor, and again after his admirable performance of two movements of a sonata by Veracini, and another piece in answer to the encore, in each of which the artist displayed all his former excellence of tone, style, and execution. The string quintet party was completed by MM. Joachim, Ries, Hollander, and Gibson. Miss Hope Glenn was the vocalist and Miss Waugh the accompanist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann having accompanied the violoncello solos, besides playing, with special effect, Schumann's "Faschings-schwank aus Wien"; and, in association with Herr Joachim, Schubert's "Rondeau Brillant," for piano and violin.

The last Afternoon London Ballad Concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall during the past week, and included some highly effective vocal performances by Misses M. Davies and E. Rees, Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and B. Foote. Mr. Venables' Choir contributed some good part-singing, and violin and piano-forte solos were finely rendered, respectively, by Madame Norman-Néruda and M. De Pachmann.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert included a fine performance of Beethoven's Choral (his ninth and last) Symphony, the solo vocalists in which were Misses A. Sherwin and A. Layton, Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. W. Mills.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated by a grand performance of "The Messiah," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society; and a sacred concert, at St. James's Hall, organised by Mr. John Boosey.

Mr. Kennedy, the eminent Scottish vocalist, gave the first of three of his characteristic vocal entertainments, "The Songs of Scotland," on Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall: The second concert was announced for last Thursday, and the

third for Tuesday next, these being the farewell performances of the Kennedy family (himself and his four daughters) previous to their farewell tour in America.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announced Haydn's "Creation" for performance at the concert of yesterday (Friday) evening, at St. James's Hall.

A concert is announced to take place, at the Kensington Townhall, next Tuesday evening, on behalf of the Latymer-road Mission and Children's Convalescent Homes, Broadwater (near Worthing) and Ramsgate. Madame Antoinette Sterling, the Conservatoire Ladies' Choir, and other artists, will take part in the concert.

M. Bonawitz's last two historical recitals of old and modern piano-forte music (which were announced for March 6 and 20) will be given on Thursday, March 18, and April 8.

The current number of *The Lute*—an excellent monthly musical journal, edited by the eminent critic Mr. Joseph Bennett—contains an interesting article on Balfe's sketch-books. Four volumes of these remains are in existence, some very important manuscripts having been lost. Those which still exist, in the possession of Balfe's widow, represent nearly twenty years' labour, from 1838 to 1857; and show how careful the composer of "The Bohemian Girl," and many other successful English operas, was in the preparation of his works. The article is well worthy of perusal by all who feel an interest in the career of one of the most popular of English composers.

Last week 2640 births and 2143 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 215 below, and the deaths 390 above, the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Eight men who had been convicted of participation in the West-End riots and robberies, were brought up for judgment on the 5th inst. at the Middlesex Sessions, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. One, who had been found guilty of plundering a jeweller's shop and violently assaulting three policemen, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. At the Central Criminal Court a man named Davidson has been found guilty of breaking into a shop in North Audley-street, during the recent riots, and stealing a watch, and sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10a.m. Fare 1s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m.
Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.
(By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF
MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, Gall-Marié, Franck Duvernoy, Mesdames Rose Delaunay, Thuillier-Leleux, Noémie Vernon, Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c.

In APRIL will be PERFORMED—
LE GRAND MOGUL. LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE.
LA PETITE MARIE. LA MASCOTTE, &c.

In MARCH—
LALLA ROUKH. LE ROI L'A DIT.
HAYDEE. GALATHEE.
CARMEN. LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.
LE TOREADOR, &c.

THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO, 1886.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING.
Thursday and Friday, March 11 and 12: The Grand Prix de Cloture. An object of Art and 3500f., will be followed by a Third Series of Meetings until April. For full particulars, address M. A. BLONDIN, Secretary, Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.
This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.
MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A. Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "Mourning in the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Auno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight o'clock, FAUST, Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five. Seats can always be booked at the Theatre in advance; or by letter. Carriages at 10.50.
MR. IRVING begs to say, in answer to numerous letters that only a limited number of seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of Libraries. Seats can frequently be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at Eight, THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play (in Five Acts) by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Scenery by Messrs. Walter Hann and Stafford Hall. Costumes by V. Barthe. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clyde, Hudson, Coote, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Evans, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, and George Barrett. Miss Lottie Venne, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Eastlake. Private Boxes, £1 1s. to 50s. Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-office, 9.30 till Five. No fees. Doors open 7.30. Carriages at 10.50. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Managers, Messrs. RUSSELL and BASHFORD.—A limited number of Standard English Comedies, commencing this (SATURDAY) EVENING at Eight o'clock, with SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Mrs. BERNARD BEERE Specially Engaged, with a powerful Cast, pending the production of an adaptation from the French of Mr. Alexandre Dumas' DENISE. Seats can now be booked. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

JAPANESE VILLAGE, Hyde Park.—DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Village complete throughout. All amusements Free, at Twelve, Three, Five, and Eight. 100 Japanese Artificers. Native and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown; after Six, 1s. Children Half-price. Originator and Managing Director, TANNAKER BUIKIOSAN.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
On WEDNESDAY NEXT, ST. PATRICK'S DAY, TWO SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENTS WILL BE GIVEN BY THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL.
In the celebration of this time-honoured anniversary, upon which occasion the whole of the First Part will be comprised of IRISH NATIONAL SONGS and CHORUSES, sung by the unrivalled choir of the Company, Irish Comic Songs by Mr. G. W. Moore, Mr. E. Stratton, Mr. Pete Mack, and Mr. T. Somers. In the Second Part, the popular Irish Comedian and Vocalist, MR. PAT. FEENEY, will have the honour of appearing. The AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE WILL COMMENCE AT THREE. THE EVENING AT EIGHT.
Tickets for all parts of the Hall can be obtained at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall. Persons residing at a distance from London can secure Tickets by post, by sending P.O.O. and directed envelope to A. Austin, St. James's Hall.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Unruffled by the knowledge that so considerable a minority of the Commons supported Mr. Labouchere in his lively tilt against hereditary legislators, with habitual calm noble Lords continue to meet—to rapidly part again, since indisposition has caused the Marquis of Salisbury to seek relaxation in the sunny south of France. Let a typical sitting, that of March the Fourth, be cited. After the Earl of Derby, with accustomed stateliness, had tried a seat in the corner of the Ministerial bench, had then crossed to the other side of the House to chat with the Earl of Idlesleigh, pausing on his way back to drop into the Prince of Wales's seat to gauge the "cross-bench mind" of Earl Fortescue ere he found refuge in his new place behind Ministers, a minimum of business was transacted, and, with habitual grace and readiness, Earl Granville moved the adjournment. Time consumed—quarter of an hour. The Secretary of the Colonies, with several other noble Lords, then hastened to the Peers' Gallery of the Lower House to listen to the Irish debate; their presence there suggesting what would probably actually happen in the improbable event of the crusade of the orthodox member for Northampton against the House of Lords proving successful: every Peer of commanding ability would indubitably be chosen as a legislator for the House of Commons. As Mr. Gladstone said in a memorable speech at Blackheath, English people generally still "dearly love a Lord." Of the questions that have arisen in the Upper House since the sitting referred to, the most important was the Earl of Harrowby's strong recommendation on Monday of the establishment of a line of British mail-steamers to run from Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Japan and Hong-Kong. Albeit the Government is inquiring as to the practicability of the scheme, it was plain, from the favourable nature of Earl Granville's answer, that the Ministry do not disapprove the new line sanctioned by Lord Salisbury's Administration. Quite a legislative star on Tuesday, Lord Bramwell secured the second reading of the Arbitration Bill, Justices' Jurisdiction Bill, and the Law of Evidence Amendment Bill, which found favour with the Lord Chancellor, and which is to entitle any defendant and his wife to give evidence. In the interests of justice, this alteration of the law is manifestly necessary.

Mr. Gladstone remained the centre of the animated life of the new House of Commons up to the close of last week, when, as we all regretted, the Prime Minister caught a cold, which necessitated his keeping his room at Downing-street for some days, by the advice of Sir Andrew Clark, than whom no one should possess a more intimate knowledge of the constitution of the illustrious statesman. Whether, in view of the national importance of due time being devoted by the Premier to the elaboration of the promised administrative and land measures for Ireland, it would be advisable for Mr. Gladstone to absent himself from the trouble and bustle of Parliament till his plans are matured, must be for the right hon. gentleman himself to decide.

Participation in debate, however, is known to have a very vitalising effect upon Mr. Gladstone, who derives mental nourishment and strength from such lively discussions as that which Mr. Holmes, the late Conservative Attorney-General for Ireland, initiated on the Fourth of March with a loudness of speech not unworthy of Lord Ashbourne himself. Mr. Holmes's speech, practically begging the House to refrain from entering into Committee of Supply till the Ministerial proposals concerning Ireland were declared, virtually attacked the Ministry to which he himself belonged as much as it sought to disparage the present Government. It was a laboured failure; it made the Opposition colleagues of the hon. and learned member look round uneasily at him; and it was ironically cheered by the compact mass of Mr. Parnell's followers. It also palpably afforded huge satisfaction to Mr. Gladstone, who demolished Mr. Holmes's argument in his most forcible and trenchant manner, and reminded the Opposition that, if there had been delay in the declaration of the Ministerial plans of reform for Ireland, it had been occasioned by the retention of office by Lord Salisbury's Ministry after the national vote at the General Election had been analogous to a vote of want of confidence in them. Ultimately, the motion of Mr. Holmes was negatived without a division. It was a Party mistake to have brought it forward.

The Commons invariably relish a set speech by Mr. Labouchere. Rising from his coign of vantage on the front bench below the gangway, on the Ministerial side, the hon. member coolly stands on the floor of the House, and, with unvarying composure, lets drop his epigrammatic sentences and democratic sentiments in a distinctly audible voice that is pleasant to listen to. The House laughed with him on Friday week when he sent his light but pointed shafts of satire at every variety of noble Lord in order to recommend his sweeping motion—

That, in the opinion of this House, it is inconsistent with the principles of representative Government, that any member of either House of the Legislature should derive his title to legislate by virtue of hereditary descent.

As an abstract proposition, this would be difficult to controvert. Mr. Brodrick gallantly couched a lance against Mr. Labouchere, whom Baron F. De Rothschild also assailed; but Mr. Gladstone, while declining to assent to the motion, acknowledged that the country had reason to complain of the obstruction of the House of Lords. The numbers voting for Mr. Labouchere's resolution were 166: against, 202. That there was only a majority of 36 to negative it speaks volumes for the Radical nature of the House of Commons.

The Crofters' Bill was, on Monday, read the second time; Mr. Ramsay's emigration amendment being introduced only to be withdrawn; and stalwart Mr. Macfarlane expressing a hope that, when the Committee stage was reached, he would be able to "clothe this miserable skeleton with flesh and blood." On Tuesday, Lord Claud Hamilton failed in his effort, on behalf of his Liverpool constituents, to hinder the people interested in the Manchester Ship Canal from paying 4 per cent on the shares during the construction of this desirable waterway; and Mr. Courtney—dry and impracticable theorist as ever—was among those in favour of yet another Committee on the point. But Mr. Mundella and the common-sense of the House prevailed; and the bill leapt over this and other stumbling-blocks. There was on Tuesday evening another significantly small majority on a gravely important question. Mr. Dillwyn's motion for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, supported by Mr. Henry Richard, the personification, as usual, of a venerable Welsh bard at an Eisteddfod, was rejected by a majority of 12 only—241 against 229. Albeit Mr. Albert Grey's amendment advocating reforms in the Church was at the close also negatived by 346 against 49 votes, it was admitted that the Establishment is in need of reform, which is not denied by the staunchest of Churchmen. What institution, indeed, is not capable of improvement? The House of Commons itself is far from perfect.

The portrait of the famous old woman of Shetland, Elizabeth Mount, the heroine of the story of the smack Columbine, is from a photograph by Mr. H. J. Haagenen, of Aalesund, Norway.

OBITUARY.

SIR J. H. CREWE, BART.

Sir John Harpur Crewe, ninth Baronet of Calke Abbey, in the county of Derby, D.L., High Sheriff 1853, died on the 1st inst. He was born Nov. 18, 1824, the eldest son of Sir George Harpur Crewe, eighth Baronet, formerly M.P. for South Derbyshire, and represented the ancient and knightly family of Harpur, on which a Baronetcy was conferred in 1626. The surname of Crewe was assumed by Royal License by Sir Henry Harpur, eighth Baronet, in right of his great-grandmother, Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, Lord Crewe of Stene. Sir John, who succeeded his father, Jan. 1, 1844, married Nov. 20, 1845, his cousin, Georgiana Jane Henrietta Eliza, second daughter of the late Vice-Admiral W. Stanhope Lovell, R.N., K.H., and leaves two sons and one daughter; of the former, the elder, now Sir Vauncey Harpur Crewe, tenth Baronet, was born Oct. 14, 1846, and married April 20, 1876, the Hon. Isabel Adderley, youngest daughter of Lord Norton, K.C.M.G., by whom he has issue.

SIR W. DE CAPELL BROOKE, BART.

Sir William De Capell Brooke, M.A., third Baronet of Oakley, in the county of Northampton, J.P., died on the 8th inst. He was born June 12, 1801, the second son of Sir Richard De Capell Brooke, of Great Oakley, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1803. He was educated at Rugby, and at Brasenose College, Oxford; graduated in 1822, and was called to the Bar in 1827. In 1852 he served as High Sheriff of Rutlandshire; and in 1858 succeeded to the title at the decease of his brother, Sir Arthur De Capell Brooke, F.R.S. He married, April 23, 1829, the Hon. Catherine Watson, youngest daughter of Lewis Thomas, second Lord Sondes, and by her (who died Nov. 24, 1884, aged eighty-two) leaves issue four sons, of whom the eldest, now Sir Richard Lewis De Capell Brooke, fourth Baronet, born April 7, 1831, married, Oct. 10, 1867, Mary Grace, elder daughter of the Ven. Edward Trollope, M.A., Archdeacon of Stow, and has two sons and three daughters.

SIR WILLIAM WHEELHOUSE.

Sir William St. James Wheelhouse, Q.C., whose death is just announced, sat as M.P. for Leeds in the Conservative interest from 1868 to 1880, but was an unsuccessful candidate at the last election. He was called to the Bar in 1844, and obtained silk in 1877. In 1882 he acted as Treasurer of Gray's Inn, and in that year, on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice, received the honour of knighthood. He was born in 1821.

GENERAL REGNELL TAYLOR.

General Regnell George Taylor, C.B., C.S.I., J.P. for Devon, died on the 28th ult., at his residence, Malston Ford Park, Newton Abbot. He was the fourth son of the late Major-General Thomas William Taylor, C.B., of Ogdell, Devon, Lieutenant-Governor of Sandhurst; and entered the Bengal Cavalry in 1840. He served in the Gwalior campaign in 1843, in the Sutlej 1845-6, and in the Punjab 1848-9. The rank of full General he attained in 1882. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1863, and that of C.S.I. in 1866. He married Anne, daughter of Mr. Arthur Holdsworth, of Widdicombe, Devon.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T. FOURNESS WILSON.

Lieutenant-General Thomas Fourness Wilson, C.B., C.I.E., Military Secretary at the India Office, 1879 to 1881, and Military Member of Council of the Viceroy of India, died recently. This gallant officer, whose career will be always identified with the ever-memorable defence of Lucknow, was born May 17, 1819, the third son of the Rev. Thomas Fourness Wilson, of Burley Hall, in the county of York, J.P., and Eleanor, his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Eden, Bart., of Windlestone. He entered the Army in 1838, and, at the time the Indian Mutiny broke out, had reached the rank of Captain. At the siege of Lucknow, then in the terrible moments of its sufferings, Wilson's heroic services gained for him the description of "General Inglis's right-hand man," and Colonel Malleson asserts, in his "Indian Mutiny," that "it will not be possible to speak of the gallant defence of the beleaguered Presidency without associating it in the mind with the name of Wilson." In 1859 he was made C.B., and in 1868 A.D.C. to the Queen. General Wilson married twice, and leaves issue.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES F. A. SHADWELL.

Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Alexander Shadwell, K.C.B., F.R.S., died on the 1st inst., at Meadowbank, Melksham, Wilts. He was born in 1814, the fourth son of the late Right Hon. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England, by Harriett, his wife, sister of Sir John Richardson, Judge of the Common Pleas; entered the Royal Navy in 1827; was present at the operations on the coast of Syria, in 1840; commanded the Sphinx in the Burmese war, 1852, and the Highflyer at the capture of Canton, 1857; and was severely wounded at the Peiho, 1859. From 1864 to 1869, he was Captain-Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport; and from 1872 to 1874, Commander-in-Chief in China. In 1873, he was made K.C.B.; and in 1878, President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

MR. CONWAY DOBBS.

Mr. Conway Richard Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim, M.P. for Carrickfergus in 1832, died recently, aged ninety. He was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, by Nichola, his wife, daughter of Mr. Michael Obins, of Castle Obins, in the county of Armagh, and entered the Royal Navy at an early age. He served in the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the East Indies, and in 1816 took part in the Superb at the Battle of Algiers, under Lord Exmouth. In 1822 he was placed on half-pay, and eventually, succeeding to the family estate, was High Sheriff of the county of Antrim in 1841, and of the county of Kildare in 1846. He married, first, 1826, Charlotte Maria, daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Sinclair, of Fort William, in the county of Antrim; and, secondly, 1875, Winifred Susanna, youngest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Morris, of Lewes. By his first wife he leaves issue. His daughter, Harriet Sydney, married, first, George, sixth Duke of Manchester; and, secondly, Mr. Stevenson Arthur Blackwood.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Lady Hill (Anna Maria), widow of Colonel Sir Thomas Noel Hill, K.C.B., and fourth daughter of the first Lord Teignmouth, on the 25th ult., at Hampton Court Palace, in her eighty-ninth year.

Lady Kane (Katherine), wife of Sir Robert Kane, LL.D., F.R.S., the eminent scientific scholar, ex-President of the Royal Irish Academy, and daughter of Mr. Henry Bailly, of Newbury, Berks, on the 25th ult., at Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin.

Commander Shipton, R.N., on the 27th ult., at 4, Fauconberg Villas, Cheltenham, aged ninety-six, "after many dangers by sea and land in defence of his country." He entered the Navy in the year 1803.

Mr. Vernon Delves Broughton, formerly of the Treasury, and late Deputy Master of the Royal Mint, Melbourne, on the 25th ult., at Erith, aged fifty-one. He was eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Delves Broughton, Rector of Blechley, nephew of the Rev. Sir Henry Delves Broughton, Bart.

Miss Catherine T. Downing-Nesbitt, eldest daughter and last surviving child of the late Mr. John Downing-Nesbitt, of Leixlip House, in the county of Kildare, and Tubberdaly, King's County, on the 26th ult., at her seat in Kildare. She owned extensive estates in the King's County, as well as in the counties of Galway, Roscommon, and Londonderry.

Mr. Henry Charles Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 26th ult., aged eighty-one. He was eldest son of the late General H. C. E. Vernon, C.B., of Hilton Park, and the representative of a branch of the noble family of Vernon. His uncle, Mr. Frederick William Thomas Vernon, Wentworth, of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, died last year.

Mr. John Cooper Forster, M.B., formerly surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and subsequently President of the Royal College of Surgeons, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-two. He was author of an esteemed work on "The Surgical Diseases of Children," and contributed a good deal to the medical journals. He graduated at the University of London, in 1847, and obtained the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons in 1849.

Mr. G. Bouverie Goddard, at his residence on Brook-green, Hammersmith, from inflammation of the lungs, on the 6th inst. As an animal painter his works were well known, and as a draughtsman of animal subjects he has often shown his remarkable skill in this Journal. The picture of "Lord Wolverton's Bloodhounds," which, in 1875, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, gave him an assured place in the art world, a position which his subsequent works, "The Fall of Man," "The Struggle for Existence" (bought from the Exhibition for the Walker Art Gallery), and "Rescued," and "Love and War," all of which were exhibited at Burlington House, fully maintained his reputation. He was a keen sportsman, equally at home with his gun or in the hunting-field, and an ardent lover and student of Nature. He has left several unfinished works—the result of a prolonged stay in the New Forest last year—and others had just been finished when a fatal illness seized him. He has also left a memory which will be cherished not alone by his intimates amongst his brother artists, but by a large circle of friends, to whom his many genial qualities endeared him. He was buried at the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake, on the 11th inst.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

The interruption of railway traffic, during several days of last week, in many hill districts of the north of England and of Scotland, by the deep snow-drifts from the storm of Monday, the 1st inst., and two following days, caused extreme inconvenience. It was felt most severely in Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire. The trains between Newcastle and Edinburgh, on the North-Eastern Railway, working in connection with the North British Railway, were entirely stopped from the Tuesday to the Thursday afternoon. A train which left Edinburgh at five o'clock on the Monday afternoon was snowed up at Acklington, and did not reach Newcastle till Thursday. It consisted of eleven fish-waggons and ten passenger-carriages. Among the first-class passengers were the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Elgin, and General Hutchinson, Government Inspector of Railways. The train had some difficulty at Berwick in getting through the deep snow. On reaching Widdrington, at 9.20 p.m., the engine-driver found a cattle-train blocked in front. He took his engine forward to assist it, but without a satisfactory result. When he attempted to rejoin his train, the engine became covered in the drift. It remained fast all night, the snow coming up nearly level with the dome. It was an awful night. A signalman brought the driver and stoker some food in the morning. The engine remained fixed till about four o'clock on Wednesday, when the driver managed to get it back to the train. A small fire had been kept up in the engine all the time. Several engines passed them on the down line, but could render no assistance. In the cattle-trains, a large number of cattle and sheep died of starvation. Some of these had been on the line since half-past eight on Monday evening, or altogether about sixty hours. The most interesting narrative of persons snowed up in Northumberland is that of a train delayed in a drift at Chevington Moor. Here the passengers had to pass the night, communication even between the carriages being cut off. Next morning tracks were cut, and, admission to the carriages being gained, it was found that in two or three cases a lady was the solitary occupant. The water from the foot-warmers was utilised for drinking, while a box of herrings found in the train, the fish being cooked on the engine shovel, and a couple of loaves and other delicacies, including half a gallon of whiskey, were appropriated from the parcel post. All this was very little for a hundred passengers; but at night they were conveyed in a rescue train to Acklington, where about seventy people were stowed away in four rooms and two kitchens. The passengers, except a few who remained in the train, next day got to Alnwick. We have been furnished with several photographs, taken by Mr. R. Thompson, the railway station-master at the Broomhill Station, who is an amateur of the art of photography, representing these extraordinary scenes. There were twelve different trains, altogether, blocked up by the snow between Newcastle and Berwick.

The effects of the snow-storm were very disastrous in the valleys and high ground of North Yorkshire, Durham, and Westmoreland and Cumberland. There is a succession of dales and hills down from the elevated country which intervenes between the Lake district and the east coast; and in this region there has been no clearance of the snow since the beginning of January. Ways had been cut through to the moors and other outlying districts, and the snow lay in high embankments. The storm filled up these cuttings, and, added to the previous depths on the ground, made matters worse than ever. Drifts covered in the cottages in some places, while sheep were buried on the moor sides and fells. Taken altogether, the season, including this present storm, has hardly been paralleled in living memory in the high country abutting on Wensleydale, Swaledale, Teesdale, and Weardale. Several lives were lost in different places in England and Scotland, on the hills where shepherds, or solitary travellers on foot, were overtaken by the storm. A railway cattle-truck full of cattle was discovered snowed over, and all the animals frozen to death. The men employed in the Lake District, on the works of the Manchester Corporation, have been thrown out of work by the snowstorm, and great destitution prevails. A marriage, which had been arranged to take place at Forfar, had to be postponed, owing to the bridegroom being snowed up at Dundee. At Sunderland, where the snow had fallen for thirty-six hours without ceasing, very little traffic could be carried on in the town during the next day, owing to the masses of snow which filled the streets, piled in many cases in huge banks against the houses, and covering the cottages to the roofs, so that the inhabitants in some cases had to dig their way out.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 9, Mardi Gras.

The wind was blowing icily; the sky was clear and sunny; in the cold grey streets there lingered, here and there, a patch of crisp frozen snow. The butcher's assistant, clad in his lavender cotton smock, his apron tucked up triangularly, so as to give freedom of movement to the right leg, stood bare-headed at the corner of the Rue Papillon; his face was red and congested, his cheeks puffed out, his eyes ready to fall from their sockets, and, from the sonorous convolutions of a hunting-horn, he drew forth plaintive notes lamenting the death of an imaginary stag. Around the butcher's assistant stood an admiring and sympathetic group of neighbours, listening, in silence, to the vibrations of this blatant brass horn, which, for reasons unknown to man, expresses the gaiety of the whole French nation during the last three days of the Carnival. On the *jours gras*, Sunday, Monday, and Shrove Tuesday, Paris re-echoes with horns of brass and horns of clay. You find isolated amateurs like the butcher's assistant of Butterfly-street, and quatuors, octaves, and dodecades of amateurs who play in unison in the back-rooms and *entresols* of the wine-shops—all lamenting, in quivering and long-drawn notes, the death of an imaginary stag. This is the most striking feature of our modern Carnival. What a simple and peaceful nation it is, and how easily amused!

On Thursday the great debate on the question of the expulsion of the Princes ended in the Chamber by a victory for the Ministry. An Order of the Day expressing confidence in the energy and vigilance of the Government was voted by 350 against 112. M. Duche's plan of obligatory expulsion and M. Rivet's plan of optional expulsion were equally rejected. M. Clémenceau got the worst of his tilt against the Cabinet, and the Jacobin spirit of persecution and delation was duly censured. After this debate the Chamber gave itself a week's holiday, and everybody felt happy and satisfied. But it appears, nevertheless, that this question of the Princes is not yet done with. One Pichon, a journalist, who was elected Deputy last October, intends to revive the matter by demanding a Parliamentary inquiry into the organisation of the Monarchist parties. If this demand is refused, M. Pichon intends to renew it every three months. The honourable Deputy seems to be convinced that the Comte de Paris has a regular Cabinet and agents in all the departments, and that he spent a great deal of money on the last elections. The inquiry is to be made in the same manner as that made in 1874 on the manoeuvres of the Bonapartists, and all sorts of witnesses will be summoned before the Parliamentary Committee, including the Mayor, M. Koechlin-Schwarz, who will be requested to explain why he inscribed on the register of births the daughter of the Duc de Chartres as a Royal Highness.

In spite of all that the critics and the pessimists may say, the Parisian stage is yet full of vitality. When M. Beque produced his "Parisienne," and M. Alphonse Daudet his "Sapho," it was thought that these realistic and carefully observed pieces would deal a deadly blow to the old-fashioned conventional play, whether drama or melodrama. On behalf of the melodrama, Mr. Dennery has replied by "Martyre," which has just been produced at the Ambigu with most triumphant success. And yet anything more retrograde, more conventional, more old-fashioned than "Martyre" could not be imagined. All the well-known types, and all the threadbare processes are used in it, and, in spite of its conventionality, the piece is most touching and tear-provoking, and the plot most interesting when once you have accepted the premises, and when once you have deposited your thinking faculties in the cloak-room, together with your stick and coat.

The Hippodrome reopened on Saturday; and the young bloods and the "chevaliers de la gardénia" at once resumed their dear distraction of smoking cigarettes in the promenoir, lounging up and down the vomitoria, and eyeing the pretty Parisiennes and the quaint parties of tourists who include a visit to the Hippodrome amongst the sights of Paris, according to Baedeker. The chief significance of this opening is that, generally, it announces the approach of spring; but this year the season is so irregular that one hardly ventures to hope for spring at all, the wintry cold persists so long. However, it is generally understood that something must be done; for the reports of the various banks show that there is a vast quantity of money in France waiting to be spent. Doubtless, after the austere period of Lent, the season will blossom forth into wonderful elegance and smartness, and charming new fashions in dress will be invented. The barbers have already decreed that the ladies are to leave their brows uncovered, and that frizzled, banged, and touzled hair, and all *coiffures à la chien*, are to be abandoned—a reform which will necessitate reform in hats and bonnets, and so provoke a considerable monetary movement.

The committee of the Academy of Science has published its report on the foundation of an establishment for the preventive treatment of rabies by the Pasteur system of inoculation. The establishment is to be called the Pasteur Institute; French and foreign patients will be treated indiscriminately; a public subscription is now open for the building and keeping up of the establishment; the names of the subscribers are to be published in the *Journal Officiel*; subscriptions may be paid either to the Banque de France, or to the Crédit Foncier. Thus, it appears, no time is to be lost in the foundation of this "Institut Pasteur."

The Prince of Wales, who has been enjoying a holiday at Cannes, will stay a day or two in Paris on his way home this week, and on Thursday he will breakfast at the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild's, in the Parc Monceau. Forty guests are invited.

The marriage of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain to the Infante Antonio was celebrated last Saturday morning in the Palace chapel at Madrid, in presence of the Queen Regent, the members of the Royal family, the Ministers, and the diplomatic body. Deputations from the Cortes, &c., were also present.—The Spanish Cortes are dissolved. The elections are to take place in April, and the new Cortes will meet on May 10.

A vote of confidence in the Italian Ministry was yesterday week adopted by the Chamber, the majority being fifteen.

At a Cabinet Council, held in Sofia yesterday week, Prince Alexander signed a decree ordering the demobilisation of the Bulgarian army. But at a Cabinet Council held in Athens on the same day, it was decided to call out two classes of the reserves.

The Viceroy and Lady Dufferin have arrived at Calcutta from Madras.

According to Reuter's agency, the British column lately dispatched from Mandalay to co-operate with the Tounghoo force has routed a large body of rebels, followers of the Mingoon Prince, at Tonthamyo. Three men were wounded on the British side. A British force, 300 strong, at Yemethen, an advanced and isolated position in Eastern Burmah, has been surrounded by 9000 of the enemy. For the present, the garrison has been instructed to intrench itself, and in the meantime a column is marching from Mandalay to its relief.

We hear from Melbourne that all the Ministers have been re-elected except the Hon. John James, Minister of Mines.

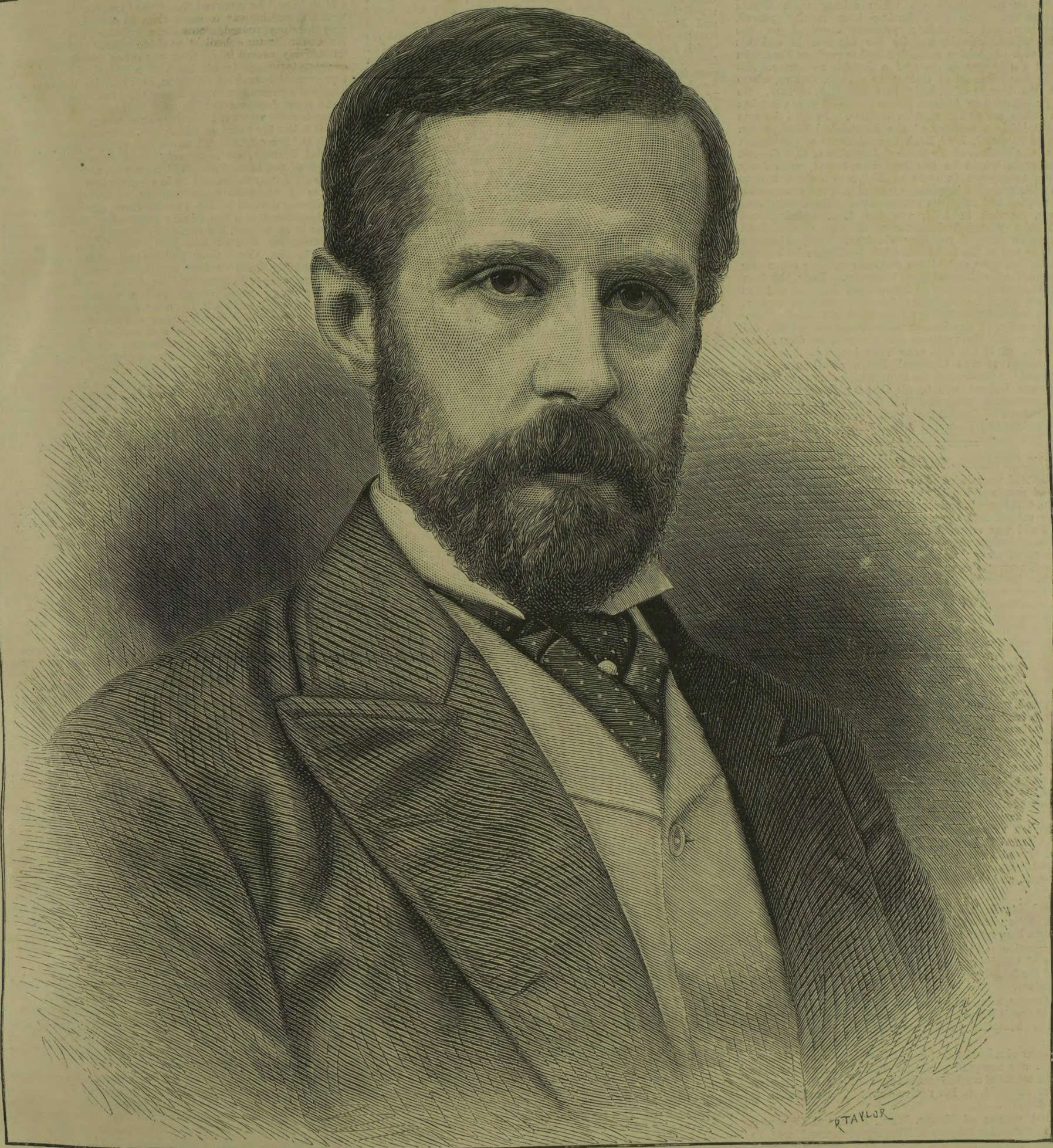


TRAINS BLOCKED IN THE SNOW NEAR ACKLINGTON, ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.



RAILWAY PASSENGERS SNOWED UP NEAR ACKLINGTON.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM IN NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Why there should be a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when there is no Lord Lieutenant of Scotland, is a question that no statesman in the nineteenth century has been able to answer. Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Liberals, have been ready, at any time in the past thirty-five years, to assent to the proposition that this dignified titular office is of no practical utility. But as it still exists, the Prime Minister of the day is obliged to choose some nobleman to fill it. When, as in the case of Lord Spencer, it is given to one of the Cabinet, and to one of the ablest and most influential of the Ministry, it derives some political importance from his personal eminence, and from the weight of his opinions in the councils of the Government. But when, on the contrary, while the Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland sits in the Cabinet, the Lord Lieutenant is outside, with no share in determining the policy of Government, his Excellency must be regarded chiefly as the ornamental figure-head of a centralised administrative

system, the representative of Royalty in a provincial Court pageant, and the dispenser of certain official patronage and tokens of Royal favour. He has power, indeed, to be gracious, to preside over the loyal and well-affected portion of society, to countenance useful and benevolent institutions, to encourage voluntary efforts for social improvement, and to assure the Irish people that England feels great interest in their welfare.

This is apparently the mission of Lord Aberdeen; an estimable nobleman, of sound Liberal opinions, a personal friend of the Premier and veteran leader of the Liberal Party—the friendship is hereditary, for his more distinguished grandfather was regarded by Mr. Gladstone with almost filial affection—and one whose virtues have endeared him to many people of all classes in Scotland, and whose good works of religion and charity are not unknown in London. The Right Hon. Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Bart., seventh Earl of Aberdeen in the Scottish Peerage, Viscount Gordon in that

of the United Kingdom, was born on Aug. 3, 1847, a younger son of George John James, then Lord Haddo, who sat in the House of Commons, and who became fifth Earl in December, 1860. The mother of the present Earl was a daughter of Mr. George Baillie, of Mellerstain and Jerviswoode, and sister to the tenth Earl of Haddington, who succeeded his cousin in that peerage. Everybody acquainted with the political history of our century must know, and middle-aged or elderly persons well remember, the qualities of that eminent statesman, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., the associate of Sir Robert Peel and of the Duke of Wellington; in early life the school-fellow of Byron, the accomplished student of Greek antiquities, "the travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen"; subsequently, a diplomatist employed in great European negotiations, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1828 to the advent of the Whig Ministry, and again, in Sir Robert Peel's Government, from 1841 to 1846; finally, Premier of the "Coalition

Ministry," embracing Liberal-Conservatives, Peelites, and Whigs, which began in 1853 and broke down after two years in the stress of the Crimean War. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Government, has repeatedly spoken of his illustrious Chief in terms of the highest praise, as one of the best and wisest men he had ever known. Of his two grandsons, the elder, George, born in 1841, led a strange and romantic life, abandoning his home and his position in youth, choosing to become a common sailor, under a name, his own indeed, but stripped of family title, never returning from his distant voyages to claim the earldom and the estates that fell due to him in 1864 by his father's death, and perishing at length, in January, 1870, by an accident at sea while sailing from Boston to Melbourne. This fact having been legally proved, the peerage and hereditary property devolved on the second brother, who is, happily for his friends and his country, of a disposition more inclined to perform the duties and bear the proper honours of a British nobleman. His Lordship was educated at University College, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. in 1871 and M.A. in 1877. He moved or seconded an Address in the House of Lords, but has seldom taken an active part in debates. In 1881 he was appointed, being a member of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Lord High Commissioner of the Queen to attend the sessions of the General Assembly of that Church at Edinburgh, where he has been accustomed, with Lady Aberdeen, to sojourn in state at Holyrood Palace, and to receive with graceful hospitality numerous guests belonging to all parties and religious communions. The Countess of Aberdeen, married in 1877, was the Hon. Isabel Maria Marjoribanks, youngest daughter of Dudley Coutts, Lord Tweedmouth; they have four children. Lord Aberdeen is said to be one of the best landlords in Scotland; he bestows much attention upon agriculture, and has especially taken care to improve the dwellings of farm labourers. Lady Aberdeen is an indefatigable promoter of schools and charities, and has set on foot plans for the industrial employment of women, which she is already beginning to introduce in Ireland. They have frequently, in the London season, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone as their visitors for two or three days at the rural retreat of Dollis Hill, near Willesden. We hope that their residence in the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin, their receptions at the Castle, and the tours which they may undertake through Ireland, will be all that is pleasant; for they deserve, everywhere, the goodwill of the people about them.

The Portrait of Lord Aberdeen is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street.

RELIEVING THE UNEMPLOYED.

The undoubted prevalence of continued distress among large numbers of people of the labouring classes, in different parts of London, still keeps in activity the special charitable agencies that were set on foot three or four weeks ago. The Lord Mayor's Fund was reported at the end of last week to have received subscriptions amounting to £67,400, of which £49,200 had been voted away; and a further sum of £10,500 was apportioned among the various committees throughout the metropolis. To Lord Brabazon's association for the adaptation of churchyards and other open spaces to be made recreation-grounds, an additional grant of £500 was voted, to be spent in wages to the unemployed. The number of men kept in employment by the association was 389. They were divided into two gangs, each working five hours, and receiving 4d. per hour and a hot meal. A vote of £500 was made to the Jewish Board of Guardians for the relief of cases of distress among the Jewish unemployed. The Lord Mayor, before the meeting broke up, said they were now coming very near to the end of their resources, and, unless the weather changed, and people got into work, a fresh appeal to the public would have to be made, or the operations of the local committees, now in full working order, would come to a standstill for want of funds.

All the dépôts of the local relief committees in South London attached to the Mansion House Fund were last week besieged, day after day, by applicants for help in money or kind; and, as it took a considerable time to investigate the genuineness of the claims, the crowds of poor people were kept waiting long into the close of the afternoon. We give an illustration of the scene at the distribution of soup-tickets. General C. Fraser, M.P. for the North Division of Lambeth, opened two soup-kitchens for the benefit of the unemployed people of the district—one at Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road, and the other in Lambeth-walk.

Cardinal Manning's Lenten Pastoral was read in all the Roman Catholic places of worship in his diocese on Sunday. It contains a long reference to the prevailing distress.

In connection with the Volunteer manoeuvres at Easter, the Duke of Cambridge has signified his intention of being present at the field-day at Dover, where the principal gathering will take place.

A conference, attended by several members of Parliament, was held at Guy's Hospital last Saturday, when a resolution in favour of exempting public charities from local rates was passed.

The tender of a local firm to erect the Mappin Art Gallery at Sheffield was accepted yesterday week. The gallery is to contain the works of art bequeathed by the late Mr. Newton Mappin, of Sheffield, to his native town. The collection is valued at £80,000.

The first volume of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s new threepenny "Popular Library of Literary Treasures" will be issued next Monday, and will consist of Emerson's "Representative Men and English Traits." It will be followed, at weekly intervals, by Macaulay's "Clive and Warren Hastings," Plutarch's "Lives of Alexander, Caesar, and Pompey," De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," and Locke's "Thoughts on Education."

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday, the 4th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £127 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, when they saved thirty-three lives from different shipwrecks. Rewards were also voted to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life on our coasts, and payments amounting to £937 were made on the 290 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received by the institution were £998 15s. from the trustees of the late Miss A. M. Bedford, of Pershore, Worcester; £750 from "D," to be appropriated within the next six months to the formation of a new life-boat establishment; and £650 from the Central Co-operative Board, Manchester, to provide a new life-boat, to be named "The Co-operator No. 2." It was decided that the present life-boats at Ilfracombe, St. Ives, and Portmadoc be replaced by new ones possessing all the latest improvements. Arrangements were made for holding the annual meeting of the institution at Willis's Rooms next Saturday, the 20th inst., on which occasion the Duke of Abercorn will preside.

MR. COURTNEY, M.P.

The House of Commons, in the first Session of a new Parliament, agrees tacitly, not by formal election, to the choice by the Ministerial Leader of one of its members, who fills, during that Parliament, the office of Chairman of Committees, with a salary for his very laborious and responsible services. The Committees over which he presides, and whose business he manages, are those of the whole House. They may have to consider resolutions or general propositions, such as may in some instances be intended for the basis of an important legislative measure; or to examine, in every section and clause, the details of a Bill which has passed its second reading; or to deal minutely with the financial business of Government, scrutinising the Civil Service Estimates, and the Army and Navy Estimates, in Committee of Supply; and the sources of revenue in Committee of Ways and Means, to which loans, duties, taxes, tolls and imposts or other sources of income to the Treasury, must be submitted before they can pass into law. Mr. Leonard Henry Courtney, M.P. for the South-east or Bodmin Division of Cornwall, formerly M.P. for Liskeard, has been inducted, on the motion of the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, into the office of Chairman of Committees. He has been a member of the House these nine years past, and has filled the offices, successively, of Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, Under-Secretary for the Colonial Department, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. His political career is remarkable as an example of singular independence of thought and conduct, with regard to important transactions in which he has conscientiously differed from the leaders of his Party, while retaining firm allegiance to its main principles. He may be reckoned among the original Liberals, one who was an active and useful member of Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry, but who openly dissented from some points of its policy, and has not joined the new Administration.

Mr. Courtney was born at Penzance on July 6, 1832, the eldest son of the late Mr. J. S. Courtney, banker of that town. He was educated partly there, also trained to business in the banking-house of Messrs. Bolitho and Co., and proceeded, in 1851, to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1855, and gained almost the highest mathematical honours, being Second Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. In the following year, he was elected a Fellow of his college, and he was engaged for some time in private tuition at the University. In 1858 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. He devoted himself to political and literary criticism, and became a regular contributor to several of the best journals, reviews, and magazines; in 1864 he joined the staff of editorial writers for the *Times*. He was Professor of Political Economy at University College, London, from 1872 to about the end of 1875, when he spent the winter in India; and he was also Examiner in Constitutional History, in the University of London. He wrote a treatise on "Direct Taxation," and contributed to the journal of the Statistical Society, and to "The Encyclopædia Britannica," articles upon monetary and financial topics. In 1874 he was a candidate for the borough of Liskeard, but was defeated by five votes; upon the death of Mr. Horsman, in December, 1876, he was elected by a majority of more than one hundred. In May, 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed his second Ministry; and, in the December of that year, Mr. Courtney was appointed Under-Secretary of the Home Department; in August, 1881, he exchanged that office for the Colonial Under-Secretaryship, in which he succeeded Mr. Grant Duff; and in May, 1882, when the late Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Courtney succeeded Lord Frederick as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He resigned office in December, 1884, for reasons that will presently appear.

The annexation of the Transvaal, in 1877, was the surreptitious act of an obscure colonial agency, making use of a Royal warrant secretly procured upon a gross misrepresentation of the facts. Mr. Courtney happened to be one of the very few public men in England who knew the truth of that affair from the beginning. He stoutly opposed the whole course of proceeding; he supported the protest of the Boers, which was presented by two formal deputations from South Africa, with memorials signed by seven eighths of the adult European population; and he resisted, with much pertinacity, Lord Carnarvon's South African Confederation scheme, which threatened to provoke a war between Dutch and English over all that part of the world. In December, 1880, to the surprise of short-sighted or ill-informed people here, the Transvaal exploded in a revolt, and applied with painful incidents that roused the anger of the English nation. Mr. Gladstone, though he had, a twelvemonth before, expressed his sympathy with the Boers, thought himself obliged to assert British supremacy by sending a military force to reconquer that country. At that time Mr. Courtney was at the Home Office, a subordinate member of the Government, precluded by his situation from withstanding that line of conduct which he afterwards designated "a frightful blunder." The defeat of the British troops on Majuba Hill was followed by the recognition of Boer independence; an act which in his judgment was one of "the most honourable, the most admirable, the most illustrious, ever performed by an English Ministry, if the principles of right, the principles of Christianity, are to prevail in the conduct of national affairs." Mr. Courtney did not go to the Colonial Office until several months after the close of that transaction.

In the following year, upon a yet more important occasion, his adherence to Mr. Gladstone's Ministry was again severely tried. Both he and Mr. Fawcett, from first to last, utterly disapproved of the intervention in Egypt. "We had no voice," he said later, "in the consultation about it; we knew nothing of it until the mischief had been done." The Dual Note of Jan. 8, 1882, pledging Great Britain and France to support the Khedive by force against Arabi Pasha's revolutionary movement, excited serious alarm in the minds of Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Courtney; but they did not feel themselves called upon to retire from the Ministry. It was different with Mr. Bright, as one of the Cabinet, when he quitted the Government upon the bombardment of Alexandria. Mr. Courtney, however, did not refrain while in office from declaring, immediately after the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, and repeatedly afterwards, that we ought to leave the Egyptians to settle their own affairs, and that the cost of the military operations there should be paid by the bondholders. In 1884, as Mr. John Morley and one or two others had predicted, the Sudan insurrection drew our Government, in its equivocal position at Cairo, into fresh undertakings of vast cost and hopeless difficulty. It is unnecessary to quote Mr. Courtney's frequent expressions of disapproval of all those Sudan expeditions; he never failed, at the same time, to speak with admiration of the character of General Gordon. After the death of that hero, amidst the clamour, in February last year, for an avenging march to Khartoum, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Morley were the first to raise their voices against continuing slaughter for mere vengeance, "as some barbaric races of ancient times, when a great chief died, would sacrifice a multitude of victims at his tomb." In the same speech, Mr. Courtney, who was no longer in office, testified to the "supreme disgust" felt by the popular mind, all over England, for the policy and

action of Government in Egypt. "Nothing," he said, "but the respect they feel for Mr. Gladstone would have induced the people to tolerate it for an instant."

Abstinence from unnecessary wars, from acts of aggression or intrusion in foreign countries, and from taking increased and indefinite responsibilities by further annexations of territory, is a precept constantly urged in Mr. Courtney's speeches. He preaches "a sober colonial policy"; he says, we have territory enough, our hands are full of work; "let us fill up Australia and Canada, and other great portions of the globe already belonging to our people." He is as great an enemy to war as Mr. Cobden was; so, upon one occasion, recalling the good old triad of Liberal watchwords, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," he observed that "the Civil Service expenditure would more likely to increase than to diminish, and the only way to retrench was to do with a smaller Army and Navy." Mr. Courtney, indeed, seems to abide nearer to what was once "the Manchester School" than any other prominent politician of this day, except in his ideas of a system of Parliamentary representation, and his objection, as a judicial reasoner, to the absolute supremacy of mass majorities at elections. He stands, as it were, between Cobden and Mill, sharing in part the characteristic views of both those excellent political teachers.

Here lies the point at which Mr. Courtney has, personally much to his credit, though to our regret upon public grounds, isolated himself, we hope only for a short time, from the leading of the Liberal Party. Those who, above twenty years ago, were deeply interested in Mill's adoption of the scientific scheme of complete representation of individual suffrages, ingeniously devised by Mr. Thomas Hare, can well understand the attachment of a few highly intellectual Reformers to the proposals advocated, but decisively rejected, in debates on the Redistribution Bill of last year. Mr. Courtney, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Albert Grey, and several others, exerted themselves during three or four months to explain the merit of "proportional representation," in a simpler form; that of creating large constituencies with a plurality of members to be returned for each town or district, but with power given to each elector of voting only for one candidate, so that the local minorities and sections holding different opinions should get representatives of their own. In London, at Newcastle, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, they expounded this method of election to respectful audiences, and finally brought it under the consideration of the House of Commons. It did not find favour, as a matter of practical politics, with Government or Parliament, with either the Liberal or the Conservative party, or with any great number of the people generally; but the fact is that the single-member electoral district system had already been accepted by mutual agreement between the heads of the two political parties, and could not be set aside in framing the Redistribution Bill. Mr. Courtney then felt himself bound, as Mr. Fawcett would have felt himself if he had lived, to fulfil his pledge of withdrawing from the Ministry which had become collectively, each member of it distinctly, responsible for the actual shape of the scheme of Parliamentary Reform. His resignation was tendered in a spirit and manner worthy of the purest traditions of political life, and was reluctantly accepted by the Premier with the strongest expressions of regret and personal esteem.

Although we may not agree with Mr. Courtney, upon the whole, in his preference of a system that would, perhaps, weaken the force of electoral response to great predominant questions, it should be remarked that he pointed out, in view of the Irish elections, precisely the danger which has since been realised. He foretold that, with the one-member system, the Liberals in Ireland would not return a single member, but there would be eighty or ninety Parnellites, and none but "Orange Tories" would appear in opposition to their demand of Repeal of the Union. He feared that the undue appearance of such a state of opinion in Ireland would have an influence upon the popular mind in favour of legislative separation, the wishes of Irish Liberals, Catholic and Protestant, being entirely ignored. Upon this momentous question of the present hour Mr. Courtney will pronounce a free judgment, worthy no doubt of a past "Examiner in Constitutional History," and of a sound Professor of Political Economy.

In some future Parliament, if his relations to the leaders of party hereafter in the ascendant should ever permit him to become a Cabinet Minister, this faithful adherent to a strict political creed might add the strength of character and sagacious counsel to a Liberal Government advancing over cleared ground in the path of domestic Reform. He would be an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he is one of the few politicians who would say, "I had rather be right than be Minister," as was once said of the Presidency of the United States. Perhaps, after all, the best success of a public man, or of any other man, is to keep his own head upright.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, of Old Bond-street.

The election petition against the return of Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild for Mid-Bucks has been dismissed, with costs, the Judges holding that none of the allegations were proved.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church have presented the Earl of Aberdeen with an address at Dublin Castle, in which they state that they will resist Home Rule to the utmost of their power.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen has appointed Dr. Donaldson, Professor of Latin in the University of Aberdeen, to be Principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrews, in the place of the late Principal Shairp.

The President of the United States has awarded a silver cup to Mr. James McNeil, master of the British ship County of Clare, for rescuing the crew of the American schooner Mary E. Simmons on Dec. 1, 1885; and has also made an award of a gold medal to Mr. J. L. Lecompte, master of the British steam-tug Joseph Bertram, for rescuing the crew of the American schooner Josie M. Anderson at St. George, Bermuda.

At Cambridge University the Pitt scholarship, of the annual value of between £70 and £80, and tenable for seven years, has been adjudged to the Hon. C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, scholar of King's College. The Waddington classical scholarship, tenable for five years, of the value of about £90 per annum, is adjudged to A. E. R. S. Conway, scholar of Gonville and Caius College. The Browne classical scholarship, value £21 per annum, tenable for seven years, is awarded to A. E. Brooke, scholar of King's College; proxime accessit, N. Wedd, scholar of King's College. The gold medals, given annually by the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, for proficiency in classical learning, have been adjudged as follows:—1. M. R. James, B.A., scholar of King's College; 2. M. B. Smith, scholar of Trinity College. The merits of A. F. Hort, scholar of Trinity College, were very nearly equal to those of the second medallist. J. A. Kempthorne, scholar of Trinity, and S. Whibley, scholar of Pembroke, were declared worthy of honourable mention. The Powis gold medal, given annually by the Earl of Powis, High Steward of the University, for the best poem in Latin hexameter verse, is awarded to N. K. Stephen, Trinity College.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

(Average Circulation over 30,000 Copies a Month.)

IN THE APRIL NUMBER WILL COMMENCE

SPRINGHAVEN. } BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

A ROMANCE,

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The scene of which is laid in a rural district of England during the time of the Napoleonic War.

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AND

KING ARTHUR: Not a Love-Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

EAST ANGELS, by Miss WOOLSON, and INDIAN SUMMER, by W. D. HOWELLS, are continued.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1886.

THE December Number, 1885, began the Seventy-second Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is the purpose of the publishers to make the volumes for the new year of unprecedented interest and importance, and they have made arrangements which justify confidence in the success of their undertaking. They respectfully invite public attention to some of the leading attractions of the forthcoming volumes.

The publishers have concluded an arrangement with Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, by which all the new writings of that author—his novels, short stories, descriptive sketches, and dramatic pieces—will be exclusively at their disposal from the beginning of this year.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A paper on Orchids, by F. W. BURBIDGE, F.L.S., keeper of the Botanical Gardens, Trinity College, Dublin, will appear in an early Number, beautifully illustrated by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON and ALFRED PARSONS. Mr. F. SATTERTHWAIT will contribute a paper, entitled "Plebeian and Aristocratic Pigeons," illustrated by GIBSON; HUGH DALZIEL, one on "Dogs and their Management," and Dr. W. T. GREENE another on the "Keeping of Birds," beautifully illustrated by A. F. LYDON. Other studies in Natural History will be illustrated by JAMES C. BEARD.

PAPERS ON ART SUBJECTS.

In a series of Illustrated Papers—the result of a recent extended tour of observation—Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS will consider several of the important cities of Europe with reference to the most notable and significant art treasures peculiar to each, and especially claiming the attention of all thoughtful readers and lovers of art. Among other richly illustrated articles on art subjects to appear during the year may be mentioned "The New Gallery of Tapestries in Florence"; "Ravenna and its Mosaics"; "The Art-Movement in New York," by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP; an interesting article on "Our Artist Contributors," by W. M. LAFFAN; and contributions by Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Mr. E. P. ROE will prepare, under the title of "One Acre," some articles of special interest to the owners of small country places. An article on "Short-horn Cattle" will be contributed by LEWIS F. ALLEN; also a paper concerning "Cattle Raising on the Plains," by FRANK WILKESON.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1886.

A NOVEL SERIES.

AN important new feature will be the publication of a series of papers, taking the shape of a story, and depicting characteristic features of American Society, written by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and illustrated by C. S. REINHART, who was recalled from Paris by the publishers for this special enterprise—the materials for which have been gathered by the author and artist in a tour made for this purpose during the past summer among the principal American pleasure resorts North and South.

AMERICAN FEATURES.

Among the leading American contributors for the coming year will be GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, W. D. HOWELLS, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, E. E. HALE, General G. B. MCCLELLAN, Dr. F. PARKMAN, G. P. LATHROP, J. HABBERTON, E. A. ABBEY, C. S. REINHART, GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A. B. FROST, HOWARD PYLE.

SERIAL FICTION.

The two novels now in course of publication—Miss WOOLSON's "East Angels," and Mr. HOWELLS' "Indian Summer"—will run through several Numbers, and upon their completion will be followed by stories from Mrs. DINAH MARIA CRAIK, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and

R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone."

The scene of Mr. BLACKMORE's new novel, "Springhaven," which will be effectively illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and FREDERICK BARNARD, will be laid in a rural district of England during the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Mrs. CRAIK's novel will be entitled "King Arthur: Not a Love-Story."

OTHER FEATURES, LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

Among other attractions for the year may be mentioned the continuation of Mr. E. A. ABBEY's series of Illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer," "Sketches of the Avon," by ALFRED PARSONS; illustrated papers on "The Navies of Europe," by Sir EDWARD REED; an article by Madame ADAM, consisting of personal recollections connected with her salon in Paris; "Great American Industries." This series will be continued under the general charge of Mr. R. BOWKER.



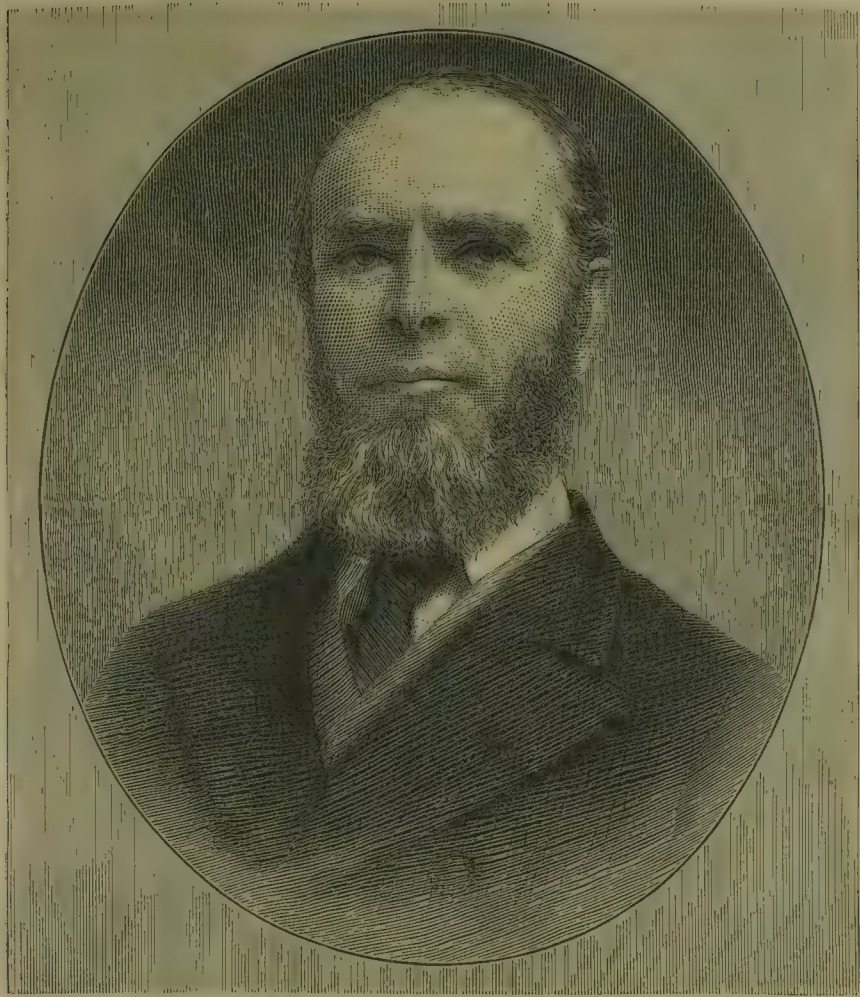
RELIEF OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN LONDON: GIVING OUT SOUP-TICKETS.

ELIZABETH MOUAT.

We are enabled, by a communication from Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, and from one of their Norwegian correspondents, to engrave the portrait of this remarkable woman, photographed at Aalesund during her sojourn there after the wonderful adventure that cast her alone upon that distant shore. She is now safe in her old home in the Shetland Isles, having been conveyed by the steam-boat to Hull, where she remained but one day, and having refused invitations to exhibit herself at a public theatre. The romantic story of her accidental forlorn voyage in the smack *Columbine* was related in our publication of the 20th ult., and is not likely to be forgotten. She is an unmarried woman, above sixty years of age, poor, industrious, and of irreproachable life, who had already experienced more than one narrow escape from danger, being once shot by a blundering sportsman who was aiming at a rabbit. On Saturday, Jan. 30, as was narrated in our former account, she embarked at Grutness, in the Shetlands, for the port of Lerwick, where she had friends to visit, and where she intended to seek medical advice for ill health, from which she had been lately suffering. The other persons on board were the master of the little vessel, James Jamieson, and two seamen or fishermen. Four miles from land, a swing of the sail-boom, in a strong south-east wind, knocked the captain overboard; the two men hove the smack to, and put off in a boat to pick him up, but were unable to reach him, and he was drowned. They had left the woman, who was sick and feeble,

ELIZABETH MOUAT, OF SHETLAND,
WHO WAS BLOWN TO NORWAY IN THE SMACK *COLUMBINE*.

lashed by a rope to the hatchway, to prevent her being carried away by the waves breaking over the vessel. They looked after the *Columbine*, from where their boat was, and saw to their horror that the wind, as it shifted, was driving her out to sea. They rowed after her with all their might, but could not overtake her, and were compelled to return to shore. Two steamers and another vessel were sent out in search of her, but their search was vain; and the weather being extremely rough, it was supposed that the smack must have sunk. Eight days, till Sunday, Feb. 7, the *Columbine* drifted over the North Sea, in a north-easterly direction, with this lone woman helplessly borne onward, yet not despairing, but trusting in deliverance, by the mercy of God. At length, among the rocks off Lepsoe, near Aalesund, the smack, which had lost its mast, came aground in sight of a crowd of Norwegian villagers. The woman's head was seen, at a distance, above the side of the vessel; a brave young Norwegian, taking a rope, swam out and found her, still alive and hopeful; she was drawn ashore by the rope, carried to a farm-house, carefully nursed and tended, and has been sent home to bear grateful testimony of these mercies. A local subscription has been set on foot, which should suffice to provide for her future comfort, and to reward also the kind Norwegians by whom she was rescued and restored to health. We are informed by Messrs. Allen and Hanbury that there is some record of a similar incident a hundred and thirty years ago, when two women in an open boat, having been blown off from Shetland, reached the coast of Norway.



MR. L. H. COURTNEY, M.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, M.P.,
PATRONAGE SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, M.P.

The office of Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, as may well be supposed, is one of constant activity and personal responsibility, which involves a great deal of attendance in the House of Commons. Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P. for the East Division of the town of Nottingham, who has been appointed to this office by the First Lord of the Treasury, has all the requisite qualifications of ability, character, and discretion, and has already, in the last Parliament, not only proved himself a valuable member of the Liberal Party, but gained the respect of all on both sides of the House. He is the son of that eminent London citizen and

Nottingham manufacturer, famed all over England for his deeds of beneficence and his zeal for religion and morality, Mr. Samuel Morley, the late M.P. for Bristol, who is also recognised as a veteran reformer and consistent advocate of Liberal principles, exercising no little political influence among thoughtful and sober men of the working-class population. Mr. Arnold Morley was born in 1849; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1871, and that of M.A. in 1874; was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1873, and has practised in his profession. He is one of the Senate of the University of Cambridge. In May, 1880, immediately after the General

Election, the sudden death of Mr. Wright caused a vacancy in the representation of Nottingham, and Mr. Arnold Morley was elected. He has been actively engaged in several movements for the promotion of Liberal measures, and done service as a Special Commissioner of Inquiry for the Home Office with regard to accidents in mines. He is one of the rising Liberal politicians whom Mr. Gladstone has chosen for preferment in full reliance upon their capacity and their earnest attachment to the cause of progress. He had the honour of being among the invited company with Mr. Gladstone on board the Sunbeam, Sir Thomas Brassey's steam-yacht, in the cruise last summer on the coast of Norway.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Haymarket Theatre reverts to comedy. A fresh start will be made this week with a round of the old comedies, for which the services of Mrs. Bernard Beere have been secured. It will be remembered that Mrs. Beere made her earliest success with the old classical comedies—both at the St. James's Theatre and in the provinces—under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale. If I mistake not, it was in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" that she first appeared as an actress of promise, and this is the play that is first on the Haymarket list for revival. It is contemplated, also, to produce a modern comedy of conversation, as distinct from a comedy of action. The "Denise" of Alexandre Dumas is pure conversation and little else. The whole play is acted in one scene. The play contains a pathetic story, but it is for the most part told, not acted. Characters are developed by dialogue, not by movement. This has hitherto been considered a grave offence on the English stage, and a heresy not to be tolerated, but it will be seen if the skill of Dumas can reconcile an English audience to his invariable method. The character of Denise will be taken by Miss Wallis, an experienced and intelligent actress, rarely seen in London nowadays, but very popular in the provinces. Bartet created the part last year at the Comédie Française.

One of the best of the novels of George Manville Fenn is the "Parson o' Dumford," and this he has turned into a play that was produced on Monday with considerable success at the Standard Theatre. It is a stirring and interesting subject. The young "muscular Christian" of the Liberal school of parsons comes down to take up his cure at a Yorkshire manufacturing town. The men are out on strike, engaged in a bitter dispute with the "young master," whose morals are as offensive to the workmen as his politics. The "Foreman of the Works"—and this is the title of the play—takes a very important part in the discussion. He upholds the cause of the young master against the "Social Democrats," first because his master's father was his intimate friend, and secondly on account of his abhorrence of the doctrines of the more furious agitators, who would resort to dynamite and gunpowder, in order to settle the endless dispute between capital and labour. But "The Foreman of the Works" becomes a sudden convert to the strongest views of the agitators when he believes his only daughter has been dishonoured by his employer; and he it is who actually volunteers to blow up the bell-foundry at which he has worked all his life. The presence of his child at the moment of the explosion stays his destroying hand; and the foreman is speedily forgiven for his momentary straying from the paths of moral rectitude. There is much that is most interesting in the new play. The parson is a manly young fellow, who is didactic, but never wearisome; the foreman is a well-drawn character; and if the young villain is unusually frank in his callousness, even in these days of plain speaking, there is another excellent sketch of the modern agitator in Sim Slee, a tap-room orator, who urges his companions on to bloodshed, but carefully keeps out of the way when danger comes. This part is played by Mr. Austin Melford, a clever and very promising actor, with a thoroughly good stage face, and an excellent knowledge of the art of "make up." Mr. Melford has power and expression as well. Mr. Beauchamp

also acted excellently as the foreman, a kind of Peggotty, who idolizes the flighty girl, and suffers much for her sake. A few more rehearsals would have improved the new play, but it had the great advantage of the scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass, and the stage management of Mr. John Douglass.

Mr. Corney Grain is quite inexhaustible. Each time one thinks he must have come to the end of all the possible subjects that will amuse his special and select audience, when out he comes with a new buffo-scena even better than the last. No one ought to be such a good authority as Mr. Grain on the humorous side of "Amateur Theatricals." He is careful to explain that he thoroughly sympathises with the enthusiastic efforts of the young performers; but, at the same time, his sound satire is scathing enough. And that is just what his audience likes. In every description they see some "dear familiar friend" hit off; and, dear me! how amusing that is! It is not them that Mr. Grain means when he describes the noodles and the sentimentalist, oh dear no! It is poor So-and-So they met last night at an evening party. Mr. Corney Grain is a keen student of modern life and manners. The last new comic song, "Pickleberry Brown, of Camden Town! What a funny little man you are!" is most humorous; in fact, the sketch of character teems with clever songs and good-natured chaff at modern society in the "Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room." I wonder how many years ago it is since the present writer knew our witty entertainer as an enthusiast in the cause of drawing-room theatricals, with James L. Molloy as the Charles Mathews of the troupe, the serious husbands falling to the lot of Mr. Herbert Jerningham, and the comic business divided between Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. W. S. Gilbert! *O mihi prateritos referat si Jupiter annos!* But so it was. Mr. Malcolm Watson's charming comedietta, "In Cupid's Camp," keeps its place in the programme at the merry German Reeds'. C.S.

We learn from *Truth* that a "new pathetic play by Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott was received with extraordinary enthusiasm at Brighton on Monday night."

A lady in Suffolk has offered £50 to the mission to Deep Sea Fisheries, provided nine others will give the same sum, to complete £500 by the end of the month.

At the Sandown Park meeting, yesterday week, Mr. T. Jennings, jun.'s, Ducat won the Grand Prize; the St. James's Stakes were carried off by Mr. J. Nightingall's Odile; and the Metropolitan Hunters' Flat Race was won by Baron Schroder's Savoyard. Last Saturday, Mr. T. Cannon won the Hunters' Hurdle-Race Plate with Beechfield; Mr. A. Yates the Selling Steeplechase with Jovial; Mr. E. M. Owen the Aiselle Hurdle-Race with Tamworth; Captain Foster the Guard's Cup with Chancellor; Mr. Mosenhall the Selling Hurdle-Race with Blucher; and Mr. A. J. Douglas the Ladies' Plate with Old Joe. On Monday Captain Foster won the Army and Navy Cup with Chancellor; Mr. Abington, the Warren Hunters' Flat Race with Valjean; Mr. Iquique, the March Free Steeplechase with Modjeska; Mr. Bewicke, the Selling Hunters' Hurdle-Race with Gargoyles; Mr. Heasman, the Selling Handicap Steeplechase with Lady Mildred; and Mr. G. Abercromby, the Priory Hunters' Steeplechase with False Prophet.

"THE COUNTRY DOCTOR."

"The hardy son of the humble apothecary," as Mr. Arthur Pendennis humorously called himself, has become a qualified Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons. Practising in a rural district, where the roads in winter are bad for wheeled carriages, and being a good horseman, and enjoying robust health and strength, he prefers to ride. It suits his taste as well as his pocket, and helps his popularity with the farmers and other rustic neighbours, who treat him as a friend, coming as he does with no stately equipage, and knowing that he loves, now and then, to join the jolly company across field and hedge and ditch after the fox-hounds. It is convenient also to be able to turn into a bridle-path, to visit poor patients in a detached group of cottages, or take a short cut through the plantation to the mansion of his more aristocratic patron. Forty years ago, in many a provincial town of England, few of the younger members of the medical profession were ever seen in a carriage. They would pace quietly through the streets, with no attendant groom, stop at a house, perhaps, tie the horse to the railing, and ring the bell for admittance to the sick chamber. If there was an operation to be performed, requiring steadiness of hand, the careful surgeon would rather walk. There are still many of these skilful gentlemen in good practice, though seldom in London, who will drive an open carriage—it used to be "a single gig" or a "phaeton"—in their common daily round, but who keep a closed vehicle—we have heard it irreverently called the "gallipot" or the "pill-box"—to convey the operator and his case of instruments upon serious occasions. Times are changing, however, and with them, fashions and habits; "the doctor," as he is yet popularly styled, whether or not indebted for that title to the College of Physicians, is a studious man, and is apt to carry with him a scientific book or journal, for profitable reading on the road, besides having a private note-book of his cases, to refresh his recollection as he goes from one to another. Let him travel how he will, there is no man in town or country who deserves more public respect and gratitude. There is no visitor whose calls, though every family has cause to lament their necessity, are so earnestly desired in the hour of need. There is no friend, no paid performer of service, who can bring, in many instances, such effectual relief and comfort. Our best wishes go with the honest and competent "doctor," bravely trotting his solitary journey of ten miles along the snow-covered hillside at this inclement season. May he work a number of cures, or do something, at least, to mitigate the sufferings of the men, women, and children, in every village and hamlet, who perhaps cannot recover from their mortal ailments! And then, may his just and moderate bill, as it usually is, be duly paid without demur—nay, with due thanks and praises; for he, too, must live, and his ambition is to live by saving the lives of others.

The Lady Mayoress distributed the prizes of the 2nd Tower Hamlets Rifles in the Guildhall, last Saturday evening, when her Ladyship was accompanied by the Lord Mayor and other visitors. Colonel Donald Munro, the commanding officer, stated that the regiment is 1104 strong, and of these 1084 men are efficient.

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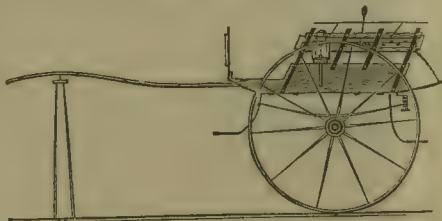
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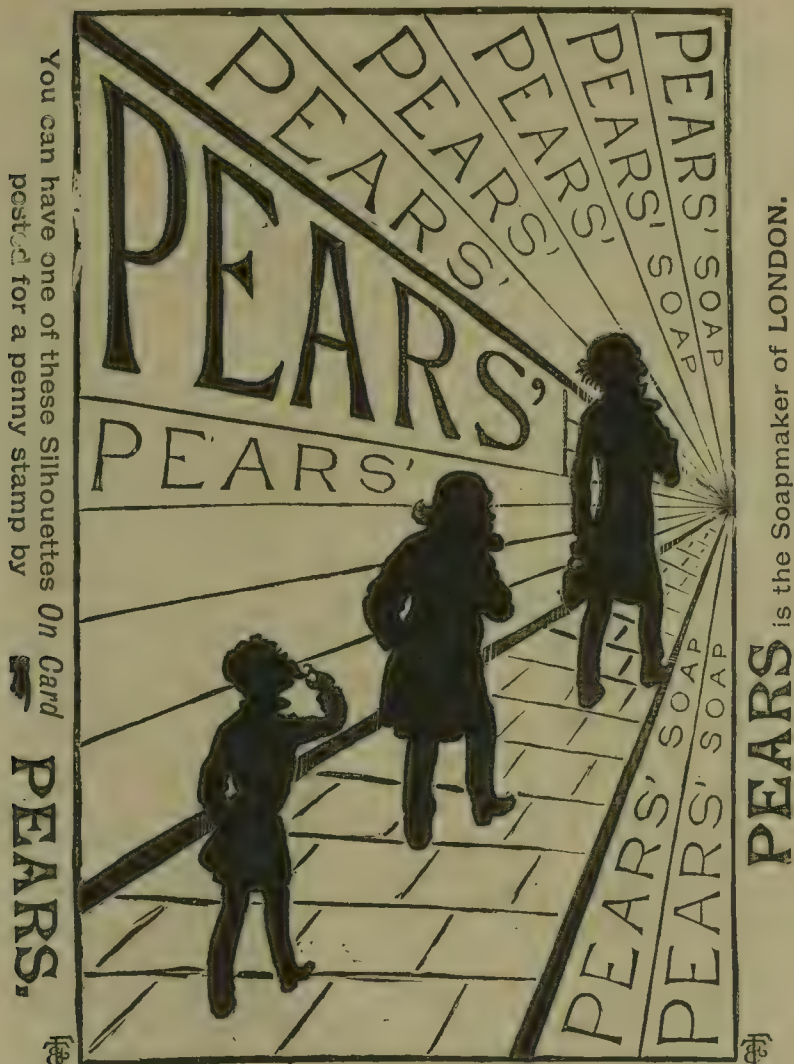
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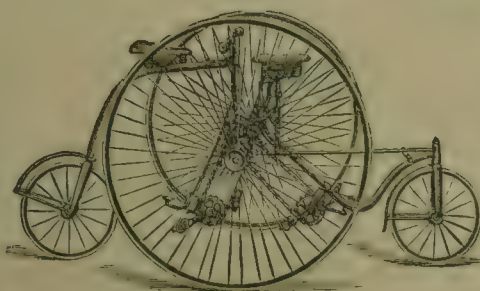
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Class 0, £14; Class 2, £20; Class 4, £26; Class 6, £35; Class 8, £45;
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Established 100 years.

NEW MUSIC.

JUST THE OLD WAY.
New Song. By A. H. BEHREND.
All the way lonely, nobody nigh,
But flowers in the pathway, clouds in the sky,
No one to listen a word she might say,
No one to linger and chat by the way.
The way was so long, so weary her feet,
The flowers all had faded that once were so sweet;
The song of the birds seemed only to say,
"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"
Six by the belfry, eight by the day;
The sun-shine seemed clouded and hidden away;
Only last night, and life seemed so gay,
They'd happened to meet and chat by the way.
Only last night, and his words were so sweet!
Could love be so loyal, and yet be so fleet?
The song of the birds seemed only to say,
"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"
Only a footstep coming near,
Only a voice her heart loved to hear;
Someone to listen each word she might say,
Someone to linger and chat by the way.
But time is so short, and the moments so fleet,
His love is so loyal, his words are so sweet;
Yet the song of the birds continue to say,
"Just the old way, my dear, just the old way!"
In F, G (D to E), A and B flat, 2s. net.
PHILLIPS and PAGE, 43, Kilburn High-road, N.W.

FOR THE LENT SEASON.
GOUNOD'S Two SACRED SONGS.
THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS. 2s. net.
GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THOU NIGHT. 2s. net.
Sung by Madame Patey.
Either, as Anthem, 2s. net. Separate Vocal Parts, 2d.
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WE TWO TOGETHER. MAY OSTLERE.

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AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883. Awarded
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PACKETS. For
BREAKFAST,
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CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-
Eight PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually
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Sold Everywhere.

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Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened with Weakened
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The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly diges-
tive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER."
Keeps for years in all climates. Requires no cooking. A tea-
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In Air-Tight Tins, 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.
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PURE
CONCENTRATED
COCOA.

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are
weak, and I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea for
young persons."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, President Royal College
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VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.
If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off,
use "The Mexican Hair-Renewer," for it will positively
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without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers."
It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting
the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are
not decayed. "The Mexican Hair-Renewer" is sold by
Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.
Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly
cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living
"animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a deligh-
tful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes
instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco
smoke; being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of
sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste
and as invigorating as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers
everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

COLDS CURED BY
DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM, or
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ALKARAM. COLD.

IF inhaled on the first symptoms, ALKARAM
will at once arrest them, and cure severe cases in half an
hour. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 6d. a Bottle. Address, Dr. Dunbar,
care of Messrs. F. Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward-st., E.C.

NUDA VERITAS.—GREY HAIR restored
by this specific; after which it grows the natural colour
not grey. Unequalled as a dressing. It causes growth, arrests
falling, and ITS use defies detection. The most harmless and
effective restorative extant. One trial will convince it has no
equal. Price 10s. 6d. of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Tes-
timonials free. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robore's AUREOLINE
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.
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DECORATORS and CABINET-MAKERS
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and manufactured by themselves with the greatest care, at
very moderate prices.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—From the simplest
in design and construction to the finest specimens of the
cabinet-maker's art.

MANUFACTORIES: LONDON and
LANCASTER

NEW ZEALAND.—To the Holders of New
Zealand Government Four-and-a-Half per Cent Five-
Thirty Debentures, issued under Acts of the General Assembly
of New Zealand, intituled respectively the Immigration and
Public Works Loan Act, 1870, the Immigration and Public
Works Loan Act, 1873, and the Immigration and Public Works
Loan Act, 1874.

The Government of New Zealand hereby give notice that the
outstanding FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT FIVE-THIRTY
DEBENTURES, issued under the above Acts, will be PAID
OFF at par on Aug. 1, 1886, at the offices of the Crown Agents
for the Colonies, in Downing-street, London, after which date
interest will cease.

The Debentures must be left at the offices aforesaid for
examination three clear days prior to payment.
For the Government of New Zealand,
P. D. BELL,
PENROSE & G. JULYAN,
Stock and Conveyance Agents of the said Government,
No. 7, Westminster-chambers, London, Jan. 28, 1886.

With reference to the preceding advertisement, the
Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice
that, on behalf of the agents appointed by the Governor in
Council under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877,
the Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act,
1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Good-
child, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to inform
holders of the Four-and-a-Half per Cent Five-Thirty De-
bentures that they may, at their option, receive instead of
cash, payable as above mentioned, Four per Cent New
Zealand Stock inscribed at the Bank of England, with
dividends payable half-yearly on May 1 and Nov. 1, on the
following terms:—

For every £100 in debentures surrendered with the coupon
for the half-year's interest due on Aug. 1 next attached £100 of
Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from Feb. 1,
1886, and inscribable on or after April 2, 1886.

Holders who desire to exchange on these terms must
deposit their debentures at the Chief Cashier's office, Bank of
England, not later than Tuesday, March 30 next, when the
option will cease.

Script Certificates, with coupons attached for the interest
from Feb. 1 to April 30 (payable May 1 next), will be issued in
exchange for the debentures.
By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony
of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock
and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the
United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's
Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible
for the payment of the Stock, or of the dividends thereon, or
for any matter relating thereto.
Bank of England, Jan. 28, 1886.

NEW ZEALAND.—Further Conversions of
the Public Debt.—The Governor and Company of the
Bank of England give notice, that, on behalf of the Agents
appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under
the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, and Amend-
ment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir
Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild,
K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders
of the Debentures of the undermentioned Loans to bring in
their DEBENTURES for CONVERSION on the following
terms:—

FIVE PER CENT CONSOLS (Annual Drawings).
For every £100 in Consols Debentures, from which the
coupon due April 15 next must be detached, a new Debenture
for the same amount, bearing interest payable quarterly at Five
per Cent for six years from April 15, 1886, to April 15, 1892, when
it will be converted into £100 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock;
or, at the option of the holder, he may receive £100 of Four per
Cent Inscribed Stock inscribable on or after April 2 next, and
bearing interest from May 1. In the latter case, Script Certifi-
cates, with coupon attached, for the interest at 5 per cent from
April 15 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange
for the Debentures.

The annual drawing for redemption of the Consols will take
place on Monday, March 15 next, and Debentures brought in
for conversion before that date will not be effected by the
drawing.

The option hereby given to holders whose Bonds have not
been drawn must be declared not later than Tuesday, March 30,
FIVE PER CENT OF THE LOAN OF 1863,
REDEEMABLE 1914.

For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan surrendered with
the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 next at-
tached, a new Debenture for the same amount, bearing
interest payable half-yearly at 5 per cent for six years from
Jan. 15, 1886, to Jan. 15, 1892, when it will be converted into
£100 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock; or, at the option of
the holder, he may receive £112 10s. of Four per Cent Inscribed
Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on
after April 2. In the latter case, a Script Certificate, with
coupon attached for the interest from Jan. 15 to April 30 at
5 per cent (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the
Debenture.

FIVE PER CENT TEN-FORTIES OF THE LOANS OF 1866
AND 1877, REDEEMABLE AFTER 1888.
For every £100 in Debentures of these Loans, from which
the coupon due March 1 must be detached, £100 of Four per
Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and
inscribable on or after April 2.

Script Certificates with coupons attached, for the interest at
5 per cent, from March 1 to April 30 (payable May 1) will be
issued in exchange for the Debentures.

FIVE PER CENT OF THE LOAN OF 1879,
REDEEMABLE 1890.
For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the
coupon due May 1 must be first detached, £100 of Four per
Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and
inscribable on or after April 2.

Script Certificates will be issued in exchange for the Deben-
tures.

SIX PER CENT OF THE LOAN OF 1860,
REDEEMABLE 1891.
For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan surrendered with
the Coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 next at-
tached, £100 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest
from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

Script Certificates, with Coupon attached, for the interest at
6 per cent from Jan. 1 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be
issued in exchange for the Debentures.

SIX PER CENT OF THE LOAN OF 1863,
REDEEMABLE 1891.
For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the
Coupon for the half-year's interest due March 15 next must be
detached, £100 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing
interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

For every £100 in Debentures surrendered with the coupon
for the half-year's interest due June 15 next attached, £100 of
Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1,
1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

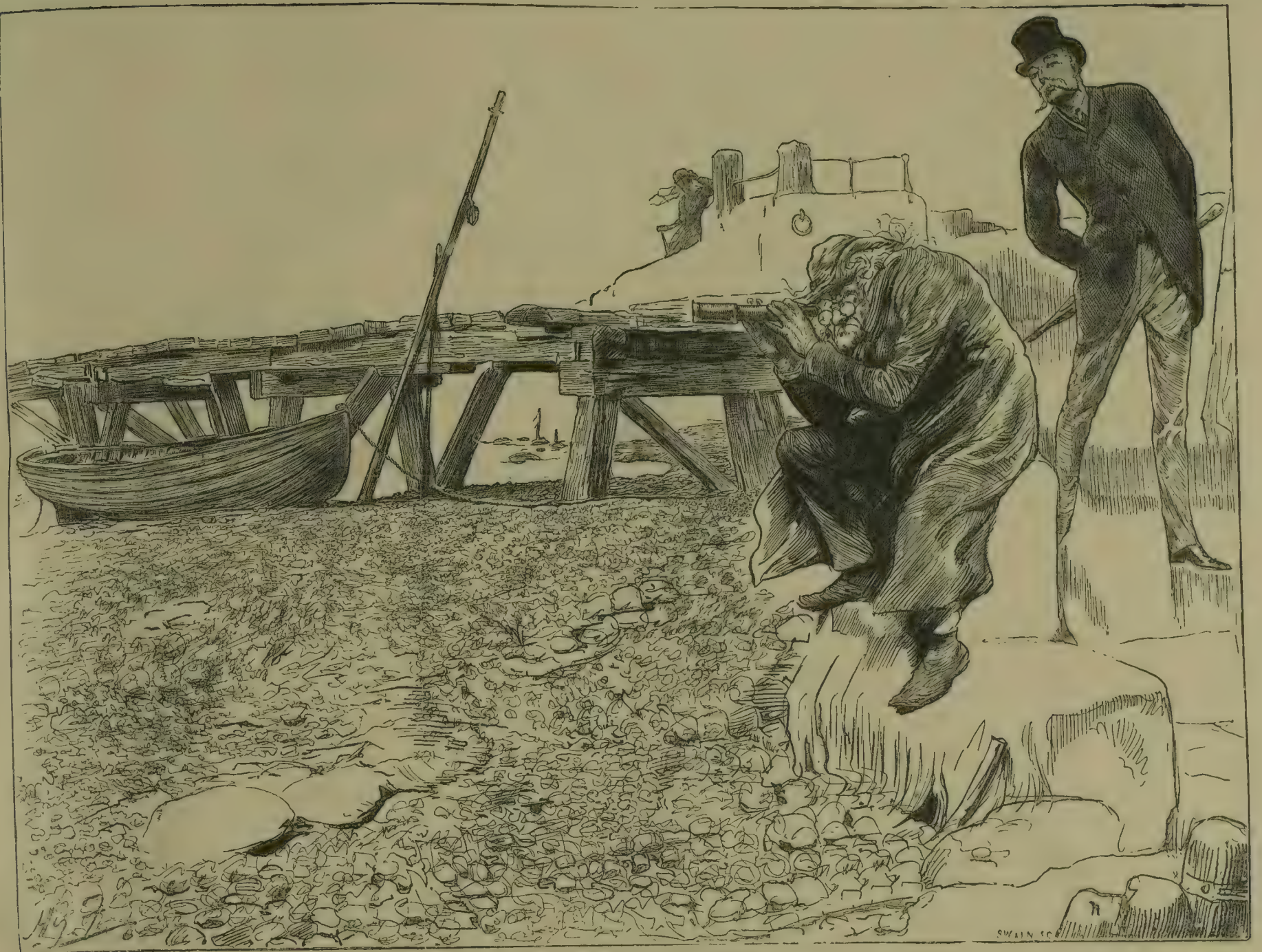
Script Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at
6 per cent for the broken periods, in each series, up to
April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the
Debentures.

Debentures of the Consols Loan may be deposited on or
after Monday, Feb. 15, but not later than Tuesday, March 30
next, when the option given to holders will expire. After that
date Debentures of the other Loans herein before mentioned may
be deposited on or after Monday, March 1, but not later than
Friday, April 30 next.

The Inscribed Stock herein mentioned will in every case be
ranked pari passu with the New Zealand Four per Cent Con-
solidated Stock already inscribed at the Bank of England, and
with dividends payable half-yearly on May 1 and Nov. 1, and
redeemable at par on Nov. 1, 1892.

All Debentures surrendered for conversion must be de-
posited at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, where
the necessary forms may be obtained, and must be left three
clear days for examination before Script Certificates can be
issued.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

The Major quietly strolled down the pier, past Roger Leyden, who, apparently engaged with a spy-glass in watching the shipping, never turned his head as he went by.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Events, like misfortunes, seldom come singly. The course of human life is that of a ship; most of it is passed on the wide ocean without a sail in sight, or an occurrence by which to mark a day. The storm and the leak and the wreck commonly come together, and the fair islands at which we gladly touch in clusters.

The letter from Mr. Argand formed an epoch in Elizabeth Dart's existence, and, indeed, promised to change the course of it. Such an incident might well have seemed sufficient to vary "the level waste of rounded grey" that formed her life for many days to come, yet on the very morning on which it happened occurred Major Melburn's visit, an event much less unexpected but not inferior to it in interest.

She had come down from her room intending to join Mary in the Pavilion and to offer her congratulations to Matthew, when, on entering the dining-room, she saw Mrs. Meyrick standing at the open window with, as she thought, a stranger. But the Major, being on the look-out for her, had quicker eyes, and before she could withdraw, addressed her. She felt the colour fly to her cheek as she returned his greeting, and her heart gave a flutter of joy. How handsome and pleasant he looked, and, in comparison with his hostess, as she could not help remarking, how completely at his ease. That Mrs. Meyrick and Matthew did not like him she had guessed from the silence they maintained about him; in their case, since they were his blood relations, it was less explicable than in the case of Mrs. Melburn and her daughter, but doubtless they had espoused the latter's cause. But if the Major had been Mrs. Meyrick's favourite nephew he could not have appeared more at home with her. This complete self-possession, which Miss Dart had noticed more than once, and under much more trying circumstances, had always excited her admiration.

She herself was by no means without self-command, but she knew her difficulties in maintaining it; her nature was, indeed, exceedingly emotional, and such delicate organisations are attracted by their opposites as the needle by the iron. There could be no question, indeed, as to the attractive qualities of Major Melburn generally. Not even those most prejudiced against him could affect to wonder what any woman could see in him to admire. He was not only good-looking, which always goes for something with the female sex, though for not so much as with the male; but distinguished-looking. His air and manner were striking, and gave that suggestion of reserve force which it is so easy for those who are its possessors to exaggerate and magnify. Without giving the least impression of effort, he always seemed superior to his company. His store of information was in truth but scanty, yet he husbanded it and used it with such effect at the right moment that it seemed ample. Of books, indeed, he professed to know

but little—a very small blemish in Miss Dart's eyes, who had had some reason to doubt the excellencies of mere learning; but he exhibited a knowledge of life she the more admired, since it produced apparently an indifference to position and degree. It was to that, quite as much as to kindness of heart, that she set down his friendly behaviour to herself, and the equal footing on which he had placed her from the first. Her natural astuteness was not indeed blunted, but, as it were, sheathed when she endeavoured to regard him critically, and even this was very seldom, for his friendly way disarmed her. Though dimly conscious of her own talents, she was free from personal vanity, and utterly unaccustomed to the attentions of the other sex. It never entered her mind that Major Melburn had been first attracted to her by her beauty, and that all "other graces had followed in their proper places," which, in his table of precedence, stood far below it.

It was one of those cases, rare in love affairs, where lookers-on see more of the game than the players, or, at all events, than one of them: and it was certainly no idle boast of Mary Melburn's that, if she had pleased, or rather if it had been judicious to do so, she could have opened her friend's eyes. It must be admitted, however, that Mary had known the Major's game for many years.

"Have you any news from Mrs. Melburn?" inquired Miss Dart, a question which of itself betrayed the confusion of mind which his visit had produced in her; for if she had had the power to think, and had not been moved merely by the desire to say something objective and apart from her own concerns, she would have known that he was the last person likely to be informed on such a matter. It was characteristic in him that instead of evading the inquiry he met it point blank.

"Well, the fact is," he answered smiling, "my step-mother and I are not very constant correspondents; I don't think, in fact, she has ever favoured me with a note in my life; and as to the governor, his letters from abroad have all been addressed to the bailiff. You know his ways, Mrs. Meyrick; he is always afraid of his land running away in his absence, though indeed that phenomenon is sometimes known to take place under the very eyes of its proprietor," concluded the Major, cheerfully.

"Christopher always liked to look after things himself," observed Mrs. Meyrick, apologetically. "He has such a pride in the estate, because it has been in the family so long."

"It is a pity it does not increase in value with time, like wine," observed the Major, drily. "All the landlords are being ruined, you know, Mrs. Meyrick."

His tone was mildly explanatory, like that of a grown-up person addressing a child; it was certainly not unkind, yet it seemed to affect the widow as though she had received a reproof.

"I do not doubt it, indeed, Jefferson," she replied. "Nevertheless, hard times are never so hard for the rich as for the poor."

"I am not so sure of that," he mused. "Poor people grow callous to their trouble, like the hand of toil."

"Like the much-smitten back to stripes, you should rather say," put in Miss Dart, quickly. "They are not to be less pitied, surely, because unmerited disaster pursues them with persistence."

"Certainly not," admitted the Major, gently. "I only meant in a vague way that sometimes the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Perhaps it isn't; it may be that it is only selfishness which causes us to minimise the troubles we do not share, or share in less degree."

He looked so penitent that Miss Dart quite repented of her sharp rejoinder. If the Major was a little thoughtless, or at times exhibited too much of the harshness of the soldier, he always came to the right conclusion on reflection. If this change seemed to be effected by a gentle reminder from herself, it was not the less gratifying to her; but the same result would, doubtless, have been attained had anyone else taken the trouble to question his views. As it happened, no one did take the trouble; his position was, unfortunately, an isolated one; and, indeed, it really seemed that no one understood him, or appreciated what was good in him, except herself. It was not vanity that caused her to arrive at this conclusion, but the testimony of his own words.

"I dare say I am an unsatisfactory individual," he had once said to her; "but it must be owned that there has not been much patience wasted on me at home." Miss Dart admitted to herself that the Major was not wholly satisfactory; but she thought he might have been made so by more kind and judicious treatment, and pitied him. Though no one, as she had told him, had breathed a word against him to her, it was plain that he was a favourite with none of the family, either at Burrow Hall or at the Look-out. "Where is Mary?" he inquired, presently, of his hostess.

"She is in the Pavilion, with Matthew. I am not certain that he is well enough to-day to see a visitor."

The tremulousness of poor Mrs. Meyrick's tone was touching. It was plain that her simple nature was very ill qualified for deception; but Matthew did so dislike Jefferson, and it was so important that the invalid should not be irritated or distressed. Her embarrassment, however, did not at the moment attract Miss Dart's attention so much as the laconic and unsympathetic character of her reply. Mrs. Meyrick, she knew, was incapable of hardness in the ordinary sense; and yet it was hard, when a brother asked after a sister, whom presumably, too, he had come over expressly to see, for her, in indirect but still unmistakable terms, to be denied him. The Major smiled, with a half-glance at the governess, which seemed to say, "You see how they treat me," and answered, quietly, "I was in hopes she might be induced to take a turn with me on the pier."

"You will see her at luncheon, you know," said Mrs. Meyrick, doubtfully.

"I cannot stay for luncheon," was his dry rejoinder; "and, besides, I wanted to say a few words to her in private. Perhaps you will kindly tell her that?"

Mrs. Meyrick assented by a nod, and at once went off to the Pavilion; but with a look that by no means boded hopefully for the success of her mission.

"It is charming to find oneself so beloved by one's family, is it not, Miss Dart?" said the Major, laughing, as soon as they were left alone.

"If I thought what I conclude you mean," she answered, gravely, "I should think it no laughing matter."

"But then, I am used to be snubbed. When I remarked, just now, that the experience of calamity produced philosophy, I was severely reproved for it; but there is really something in it."

"I have no doubt your sister will come out with you," said Miss Dart, "or, at all events, give you the opportunity of speaking to her which you desire."

There was a scholastic ring in the sentence, always observable in Miss Dart's utterances when they were of an artificial kind. She had not quite the confidence in Mary's acquiescence which she had expressed; but it seemed so necessary to say something conciliatory and calculated to make matters less unpleasant.

"You are very sanguine," he answered, quietly. "I know all these good people better than you do. It does not seem much to ask, it is true; but you will see that it is too much."

"Let us hope not."

"By all means. If, however, my view turns out to be the correct one, may I venture to ask the same favour of yourself—namely, five minutes' private conversation; what I have to say to Mary," he went on, hurriedly, perceiving his companion looked embarrassed, "can be said to her with equal force by a third person; but it is most important that it should be said. Mrs. Meyrick is coming back to us. If the reply is 'Nay,' will you be at the pier-head in twenty minutes or so; it is the only means I have of getting speech with you."

If he had proposed a meeting on their own account, it was probable she would have declined it, though she had a little of the pride about her as of the flirt, but she could hardly refuse to act as intermediary between Mary and himself; even if he had exaggerated the importance of what he had to say, she might still, in declining to hear it, be throwing away the chance of reuniting brother and sister, or at least of bringing them to a better understanding of one another.

It was easy to read on Mrs. Meyrick's face that the Major had been a true prophet, before she faltered forth how grieved she was to say "that it was one of dear Matthew's bad mornings, and that Mary could not be persuaded to leave him."

"I am sorry," said the Major, quietly. "I wish that I could add that I am disappointed. Save for the pleasure of seeing you, Aunt Louisa, it seems that I have had my ride for nothing."

"It is most unfortunate," murmured poor Mrs. Meyrick. "You will surely, however, have some lunch?"

"Thank you; no. I have a friend stopping with me at home, whom I ought not to desert longer than is absolutely necessary."

His hostess did not press the matter; she even unconsciously uttered a sigh of relief. As the Major took Miss Dart's hand, he said in a low voice, "You will not fail me?" His face looked so eager and so tender (as she had seen it only once before) as he bent over her, that she half repented of the promise she had given him; nevertheless, she answered, "I will come."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE PIER.

It is universally admitted when the time seems to have arrived, through misfortune or evil report, for one's friends to "rally round one," that, as a rule, they do not rally. Nevertheless, that is the occasion that a woman who entertains a tenderness for a man always seizes to show it. She is not content with holding herself apart from those who traduce him, or declining to listen to their insinuations, but she runs up to him as she never did before, and, placing her hand in his, in sign, not of love, as she flatters herself, but of friendship, exclaims, "I do not believe one word of what these people say."

The refusal of Mary Melburn to give her brother an interview, though not unintelligible to Miss Dart, seemed very inexcusable, while the whole character of her reception at the Look-out struck her as cold and cruel. Like most persons who have not mixed much with the world, or had the opportunity of contracting friendship, the ties of blood had, in her eyes, an exaggerated importance. The only person who was related to her was also her best friend; the circumstance seemed only natural and in accordance with the fitness of things; and that Mrs. Meyrick should have received her nephew with such manifest want of cordiality, and that his sister should have point blank refused to see him at all, was absolutely shocking to her. Indignation at their conduct evoked in her a strong sympathy as well as compassion for the victim, and, as she was only too conscious, at the same time intensified her feeling of personal regard for him. That we are ignorant of our characters is a maxim sufficiently flavoured with paradox, but that we should be ignorant of our own motives is a contradiction in terms.

Nevertheless, it was without the least sense of doing anything clandestine, or contrary to maidenly propriety, that Elizabeth Dart took her way to the little pier. The very dependence of her position gave her an independence of action, and what would have been little short of audacious in the girl, was only a bold step in the governess.

The pier at Casterton was by no means one of those elaborate erections to which the visitors at our fashionable seaside resorts are so accustomed; it had no spacious promenade, with its concert-room, or at least its pavilion for the band, no shields of glass to let in the light and exclude the wind, no light and elegant roof to keep off the sun or rain. It was short and thick and ugly, built of solid stone, and furnished with a rough bench or two, which those who were so fortunate as to secure dragged hither and thither, into coigns of vantage according to the direction of the wind.

On one of these she found the Major sitting with his umbrella up, for rain drops were falling; and it was only natural she should partake of its shelter, a simple arrangement which gives the impression of isolation to the persons concerned. The ostrich with his head in the sand derives, no doubt, a similar satisfaction from his seclusion, however partial or inadequate. It must be added, however, that while the female bird on this occasion seemed to entertain no apprehension, the male bird occasionally popped his head out and kept a sharp look out on passers-by.

"How kind of you it is, Miss Dart," he murmured, tenderly, "to give me this opportunity of speaking to you."

"It is only my duty, Major Melburn, to do so," was her reply. "If what you have to say concerns your sister so nearly, she ought to be informed of it."

This rejoinder did not seem to please her companion, though there was a certain unnecessary quiet and deliberation in its tone which belied its words. When we have no suspicion of danger we do not put on our armour.

"You are very good to take such an interest in her," he answered, gently. "I venture to believe that it extends more

or less to all of us. Under ordinary circumstances, and considering the short time you have been with us, it would be impossible to repose the confidence in you which I am about to show; but somehow—I hardly know how, though I feel it—you have won the right to learn anything from my lips, at least that concerns ourselves."

Miss Dart moved her head in tacit acknowledgment of the compliment; perhaps she was a little mistrustful of having her voice completely under control.

"I am sure," he went on, "that you will treat whatever I say as confidential, and that however much you may differ from me as to the course of conduct Mary should pursue, that you will give me credit for good intentions."

"You may take so much for granted, Major Melburn."

"Now, I dare say you think, from our mode of life at Burrow Hall, that we are rich people? Well, that is not the case. The estate is encumbered, and my father is in pecuniary straits."

"I am both sorry and surprised to hear it."

"I knew you would be; the matter does not concern me so much, because I have some money of my own from my mother, and, of course, my pay; but the fact is, that on my father's death—and perhaps before, for one cannot keep up appearances for ever—Mary will be very ill-off indeed. You know what sort of man my father is—as proud as Lucifer, and very reserved about his own affairs. She therefore suspects nothing of this. I think it unfair to her; but still, I am not justified in revealing to her what he has thought proper to conceal from her. It was my intention, however, if she had given me the opportunity, to hint at the state of affairs. You will know, Miss Dart, better than I whether Mary is qualified, in case things come to the worst, to gain her own living, as you yourself do, for example."

"What! As a governess? You don't mean to tell me things will be as bad as that?"

Miss Dart was greatly disturbed, and sat with down-drooped eyes reflecting on the evil tidings. At the sound of an approaching footstep the Major's head emerged from its shelter like that of a turtle from its shell; a shambling figure in an ulster was making his way up the little pier against the wind and rain. As he neared them, he caught sight of the Major's face, which was full of discouragement and menace. The new-comer was about to speak, but such fury flashed from the other's eyes that he altered his purpose, and with a shrug of his shoulders turned upon his heel and retraced his steps. The Major drew a breath of relief, which, to judge by his countenance, was, however, unmixed with thankfulness, and rejoined his companion in her silken bower.

"I gather from your tone, my dear Miss Dart," he said, "that you have no great opinion of Mary's qualifications as a teacher; the position requires training, mental discipline."

"How can you talk in that cold way!" she broke forth indignantly. "You know how your sister has been brought up, and that her undertaking anything of the sort is an impossibility."

"Nevertheless, you must not be angry with me, Miss Dart, who am not answerable for her imperfections."

"I am not angry with you, upon that account at least," she added, after a moment's hesitation.

"I see," he answered, quietly; "you are angry with me because, having confessed to possessing means of my own, I do not offer to share them with my half-sister. I think, considering the sentiments she entertains towards me, which are proved by her conduct this very morning, that such an expectation is unreasonable. I hope I am not less generous than other people, or more bitter against my enemies. I should certainly be willing to make her an allowance, which it is quite as certain, however, she would never accept—no, not if she were starving. You know that as well as I do."

Miss Dart did know it, and was silent.

"All this is very disagreeable," he continued; "but it is absolutely necessary that you should be acquainted with the real state of the case. A chance—most people would call it a great stroke of luck, but I wish to stick to facts—a chance, I say, is offered to Mary of escaping from her troubles, and establishing herself in even a better position than she is now supposed to occupy. The gentleman may not be quite to her taste—he has his weaknesses I admit, as most of us have—but there is no reason why he should not make her a good husband."

"Do you mean Mr. Winthrop?" put in Miss Dart, coldly.

"Yes. You need not tell me that he is no favourite of yours; but this is not a question of favourites. It is a case of position and comfort versus poverty and no home."

"And what would you have me do, since I am not allowed, it seems, to reveal to her the whole truth?"

"I would ask you to hint at it; and if you will not put in a word for Winthrop—of whose merits or demerits you will forgive me for saying you can scarcely be a judge—at all events not to increase her prejudice against him."

"It is not necessary to increase it, Major Melburn," was the icy reply, and there was deep disappointment in its tone, as well as displeasure. "No girl who had any respect for herself could entertain any warmth of feeling for that person; unless, indeed, it were indignation. No; I am sorry that I cannot oblige you in this matter, but sorrier still that you should have asked me to do so. If, as you suggest, I have had but few opportunities of learning Mr. Winthrop's character, that is not the case with you. Would you have your sister marry a drunkard?"

"That is a harsh term to apply to a man because he gives way to an occasional weakness."

"I am not going to argue the matter; I will only say that in my eyes there is no advantage the world can give that could weigh against such a vice in a husband. I have drunk from the cup of poverty all my life, and know its bitterness; but welcome want itself with all its humiliations in preference to such a fate."

"You are right, Miss Dart," was the unexpected reply, delivered with enthusiastic vehemence. "I have said my last word upon this subject, and will never allude to it again. Do not be angry with me for having performed what seemed to me a duty, till you convinced me to the contrary. A man thinks of these matters so differently from a woman, though he does not often find such a woman as you to set him right. What, after all, is a union without love, though it is endowed with all things else? What, indeed, are conventional advantages of any kind compared with the emotions of the heart. Dear Miss Dart, I am ashamed of myself."

"If you thought you were right, there is no need for shame," she answered, gently. Her voice trembled a little, she was touched by his frank contrition.

"Golden words, golden words," he murmured, approvingly. "Our own conscience, as you say, is the highest law. What matters what the world says or what it thinks, or what conventionality enjoins, if only we obey the dictates of our hearts. Miss Dart, you see before you an unworthy man—one of whom you have doubtless heard much ill."

"Not a word," she put in, huskily. It seemed to her that her power of speech was somehow paralysed. Though she heard every word that was addressed to her, nor missed so much as the inflection of a tone, her brain was in a tumult.

"If you have not heard, you will hear," he went on, with

tender earnestness; "and much that is said to my disadvantage will be true. My mother died before I knew her. You know what sort of father I have. His second marriage did not improve matters so far as I was concerned: there are certain jealousies and antagonisms, as you must have perceived. A man without a home is always in peril. I have often done amiss in many ways. Still, I am not utterly worthless."

"I am quite sure of that," she whispered, consolingly. She was trembling in every limb.

"I should not be so sure were it not for the feelings I entertain towards yourself," he continued, gravely. "There must be something good in a man who recognises goodness, gentleness, and unconventional affection in another. In you I have found all these."

She shook her head, but very gently. She was afraid of shaking the tears from her eyes.

"Yes, my dear Miss Dart, in you I seem to see my ideal."

"I must not listen to this," she murmured, making an effort to rise.

"One moment," he said, laying his hand upon her own, "and then I shall have done. I will tell you why you think you must not listen: because, forsooth, you happen to be poor and I to have a competency; because I am the son of the house to which you have come as a dependent. If I were a lad of twenty there might be some reason in such scruples. You might then be afraid lest some fool should say of you that you were a designing girl. There is no such thing—as compared with the men who are called their victims—as a designing girl; that is a story the hawks have invented against the doves. But in my case such a representation would be ludicrous indeed. Moreover, in uniting your lot with mine you injure no one. My fortune, such as it is, is my own; while for taking me away from my belongings it is certain you will get nothing but thanks. These considerations, it is true, will be superfluous if my proposition itself should be distasteful to you. I am only doing the best for myself by clearing away obstructions. I want a 'clear field'; though, alas! I cannot add and 'no favour.' If I am tried on my merits, my chance is poor indeed. Do you think it possible, my dear Miss Dart, that, in spite of my faults, you could ever love me?"

He had never let go of her hand, and she no longer struggled, as she had done at first, to escape from his grasp. Her very soul was in a tumult, but its predominant emotion was one of joy. She no longer attempted to conceal from herself that she loved this man; and he was her first love. No man had ever spoken to her of love before. He had anticipated the very objections which had at once occurred to her, and in a great measure had removed them. She felt that she knew but little of him, and called to mind a score of wise reflections she had read concerning the perils of haste under the like circumstances; but, like all recorded experiences of other people, they seemed to have little reference to her particular case. The position of everyone of us appears exceptional when our feelings prompt us to make light of a general rule.

"I know so little of you, Major Melburn," she said; but she felt that the plea was only in arrest of judgment; that if not now, then to-morrow—if not to-morrow, the next day—she would have to answer him more directly and in the affirmative.

"That is fortunate for me," he answered, smiling; "for it is only since I have seen you, and been under your good influence; that I have been worth much. I must entreat you to judge me rather by my future than my past; and especially from your own observation rather from hearsay. I am like the early Christians in one respect, at all events—that my foes are those of my own household. I cannot say I do not wish to hurry your decision, for I would give half of what remains to me of life to call you my own to-day; but I am willing to wait and hope. May I venture, dear girl, to ask that much?"

"I will think over what you have said," she answered, with tolerable firmness; "and, at all events, be assured that I am grateful—deeply grateful."

"No," he put in, decisively; "you must not say that. Do not suppose that I am such a fool as to mistake on which side the obligation lies. It is possible the world may think otherwise, but even I am not of the world in some things; while you, if I judge you rightly, you despise its judgments, and respect even its laws only when they are in consonance with your sense of what is right. Nevertheless, as you would say—for Miss Dart was about to speak—"we cannot always act independently of its opinion. It is that which makes caution absolutely necessary in our case. Even if you had consented to make me happy at once, instead of taking my proposal into your consideration, I should still have asked of you to conceal the affair for the present. I need not point out to you how disadvantageously, from the prejudice that exists against me, the suspicion of any engagement between us would affect your relations with your friends at the Look-out, or what a complication would ensue on your return to Burrow Hall. From what you know of me, I think you will admit that I am by nature frank enough; I abhor anything clandestine as much as you do; but until the time is ripe I must entreat you to keep our secret."

"There is no secret to keep, at present, Major Melburn."

"I know it," he put in, quickly; "though it is cruel to remind me of it; I only feared, supposing your heart should respond to mine, lest you might (as girls, I have heard, do under such circumstances) take Mary into your confidence."

"That is only where there is sympathy," answered Miss Dart, gravely. "Be sure I should never breathe your name to anyone who was not friendly to you. Even now, indeed, for that very reason, it is a sealed subject between your sister and myself."

He glanced at her with swift approval, and something more; from the expression of his eager eyes she was reminded that in mentioning that very reticence she had made a serious admission. Unlike many of her sex and age, she was not, however, one to take pleasure in concealing her liking. She was willing enough to let her companion know that she looked upon him as a friend, and, indeed, she found it difficult to restrain herself from being still more frank. He had, it was true, given her time for reflection before accepting his suit, but she well knew that in this he ran no risks. Her heart was already in his keeping.

"I shall write no line, dear girl," he said, "for that would be dangerous, but I shall expect one, just one, from you. In the meantime, Heaven bless and keep you!"

His grasp tightened on her hand, his face came very close to hers; but he drew back with a sigh.

"It is time for us to part," he murmured, sadly. "Your absence from home will be noticed. 'Stay,' he added, hurriedly, "you must make no secret of our having met; for that old astrologer yonder has caught sight of us. You may say, what is true enough, that I was pleading for Winthrop, and in vain."

He rose and lifted his hat, like one who has met a lady casually and is taking leave, and quietly strolled down the pier, past Roger Leyden, who, apparently engaged with a spy-glass in watching the shipping, never turned his head as he went by.

(To be continued.)

BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND.

The social condition of Ireland has in all ages been deplorable; from one cause or another, that country has never been at peace for seven years in the course of seven centuries. The peculiar symptom exhibited at this moment of its chronic malady is the organised system of interference with private dealings and personal affairs by the arbitrary decrees of local branches of the National League, formerly known as the Land League. These decrees are enforced by putting every man or woman who disobeys them under a species of interdict or excommunication, forbidding all members of the League, who are the majority of the neighbours, to render the commonest services of life to the obnoxious person. Lord Salisbury, in his speech at Newport on Oct. 7, observed that this evil practice, which has been called "boycotting" since the famous case of Captain Boycott, is one very difficult to prevent by any repressive legislation. "Boycotting," said the late Conservative Prime Minister, "is the action of persons proposing to do things which in themselves are legal, and which are only illegal because of the intention with which they are done. What is the use," Lord Salisbury continued, "of an Act of Parliament against a system of that kind? The truth about boycotting is that it depends on the passing humour of the population; and I do not believe it has endured in any community; it presents so much irresponsible power, and is used so much to gratify private grudges, and to obtain private ends, that at last it falls by its own weight." Let us hope that it will be so; but the number of National League branches increased from 592 to 1280 during the past year, and those which resort to boycotting have greater power than ever. It should, however, be understood that the National League has other functions, which are perfectly legitimate—the political advocacy of Home Rule, the exercise of influence at Parliamentary elections, and the granting of pecuniary relief to distressed families cast out of their farms and homes by evictions. It has afforded such relief to many thousands; but this beneficial action is no excuse for the intolerable system of dictation and interference with private business, and the anti-social, inhuman proscription of those who refuse to comply with its orders. The system, if not invented by Mr. Parnell, was first announced and enjoined by him, at the meeting at Ennis, on Sept. 19, 1880, as the means of forcing Government and Parliament to settle the Land question. "When a man," said Mr. Parnell, "takes a farm from which another has been unjustly evicted, you must show him, wherever you meet him, on the roadside, in the streets of the town, in the shop, on the fair-green, in the market-place, and even in the place of worship, by leaving him alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of the people of his country, as if he were a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed." The further developments of the league system have applied this merciless treatment to great numbers of innocent persons, who happen to have been in the way, as servants, tradesmen, farm labourers, or buyers and sellers in the ordinary markets, of dealing with somebody accused of unjust transactions in the letting of land. This is a fair account of "Boycotting in Ireland," which must be regarded as an evil custom in itself, quite apart from violent outrages, assaults on the person, wilful damage to cattle or other property, and forcible resistance to legal procedure. Boycotting is likely, indeed, to keep up the bad spirit that breaks out in these criminal outrages; but they have never been proved to be directly connected with the proceedings of the National League.

Our Artist's Sketches in Kilkenny represent some incidents of this disagreeable state of the country; here is an "emergency man," one specially employed by the Defence Association to take charge of the house from which a tenant has been evicted; the neighbouring baker and butcher have been prohibited from selling him food, so he is obliged to order it from a distant town, and the package, sent by the parcels post, is handed to him through the window. The Kilkenny Hunt, being a pastime for the landed gentry, was severely boycotted, and here we see the farmers, on the bank of a stream, treating a gallant horseman as a trespasser, and driving him off when he attempts to land in their fields. What would the hard-riding, free-living, cross-country gallopers of Charles Lever's entertaining tales have said to such an interruption of their sport? In another scene, the cart bringing provisions for a party of "caretakers" on a boycotted estate is waylaid by a family, man, wife, and boys, who have been recently ejected from one of the farms, and whose insults might proceed to acts of violence but for the presence of armed police. A cartload of boycotted turf is stopped on the road, upset, and scattered, by a mischievous assembly of peasants; while the deputy of the National League, turning his back on this petty outrage, pretends not to be aware of it, and reads *United Ireland* as if all were quiet and serene. These minor annoyances keep up a bad feeling between different classes, interfere with trade and industry, deprive home life of its comfort, and spoil the naturally pleasant temper of the Irish people. The continual reports of their occurrence have greatly prejudiced English minds against the consideration of those plans for the benefit of Ireland which statesmen are disposed to entertain. It is extremely impolitic, on the part of leaders of the Irish political movement, to permit, within reach of their influence, such unjustifiable exhibitions of spite and malice, which are likely to create a false idea of the national character, and to impede salutary legislation.

The Lord Mayor's Fund for the Relief of the Unemployed amounted at the close of last week to £67,000, of which £49,000 have been voted away.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, presided at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 4th inst., at the eightieth anniversary dinner of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, and made an earnest appeal on behalf of the charity. The donations included sums of £100 each from the Queen, and the German and Austrian Emperors, the total being £2365.

Under the chairmanship of the Duke of Wellington, the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society held its anniversary dinner and festival at the Cannon-street Hotel on the 4th inst. This charity affords the necessitous offspring—boys and girls, orphans or not—of once prosperous parents of every nation, a home, clothing, education, and entire maintenance. The year's work was satisfactory. As an outcome of the evening's festival, the secretary was able to announce subscriptions to the amount of £1413 towards the funds of the institution.

Princess Louise distributed prizes, on the 5th inst., at St. James's Hall, to the pupils of ten out of the thirty schools established in connection with the Girls' Public Day School Company (Limited). This organisation, founded in 1872, seeks to provide for girls "education adapted to their requirements as sound and as thorough as that which boys now receive in grammar schools of the highest class." Among those present were Lord Aberdare (who occupied the chair), the Marquis of Lorne, the French Ambassador, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Arthur Russell, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and the Hon. and Rev. E. and Lady Mary Carr Glyn.

CHESS.

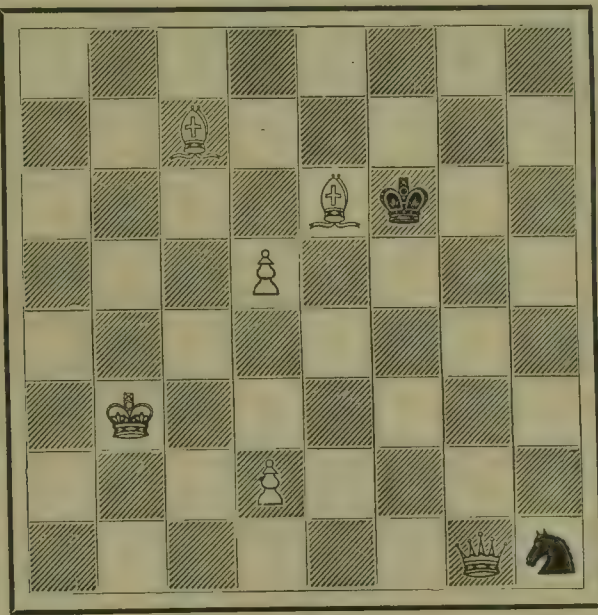
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, T O (Edinburgh).—Next week.
NEMO (Regent's Park).—Thanks; name and address are noted.
W K G (Batham).—The honorary secretary of the British Chess Club, 49, Leicester-square, will give you the information you require.
D A (Dublin).—You are off the track in both problems. Both are correct.
PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from T H Billington (Wolverhampton), J P Langley, J H Tamisier, W E Stephenson, and Mabel Sheffield.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2183 received from F C Sibbald; of No. 2185 from M H Moorhouse, T Roberts, Thomas Chown, L K Hirsch (Pisa), F E Gibbins (Tiflis), F Marshall; of No. 2186 from R B (Chatteris), A Whitehouse, W Biddle, R S Sumner, L K Hirsch, Emile Frau, R H Brooks; of No. 2187 from Emile Frau, C E P, William Hook, M H Moorhouse, S J Hall, J Coonan, H J Holtz, Rev. Winfield Cooper, T Holmes-Orr, Hermit, Richard Murphy, Conics, J H Tamisier, Hôtel de France (Arcachon), and L Desanges; of C M. KNOX'S PROBLEM from R S Sumner and Emile Frau.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2188 received from T Sinclair, G Joicey, J A Schmucke, John F Wilkinson (R.A.), H Wardell, R B (Chatteris), E Elsbury, Carlisle W Wood, E Tweddell, Emile Frau, Norina, Emmo (Darlington), L Falcon (Antwerp), John Cornish, W H Reed, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Statue Belliard Chess Club (Brussels), H Lucas, R L Southwell, F Marshall, M A Nicholson, E Casella (Paris), Isabella E Osmond, Reynoldstone, W Hillier, Professor E Leog (Le Mans), Edmund Field, S Bullen, W H Colcock, R Tweddell, Dr. A R (Rotherham), Cluchester Otto, E Featherstone, O Darragh, Joseph Ainsworth, B H C (Salisbury), J E M F N S Harris, G W Law, Ben Nevis, E J Winter Wood, L Desanges, C E Taylor, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Submarine (Dover), C Oswald, Jupiter Junior, James Pilkington, L Wyman, C A Swath, J P Langley, M H Moorhouse, George F Burroughs, H S B, Edward Bygott, Columbus, Jack, A W Sentance, A Whitehouse, A W Scrutton, A O Hunt, E Cazan, Fred G Claudet, E Loudon, E R Stabile, Dr Goldsmith, Sam Thörn, John R Bowes, Laurence A Jeans, W M Wotter, R A Smith, J B (St. Andrews), Herbert E Dobell, W Biddle, Cymro, A G P Greater, Hermit, Laura Greaves, J Hall, Hôtel de France (Arcachon), N Mears, Julia Short, W R Ralliem, A W H Compton, J H Tamisier, Alfred De Rojas, Bernard Green, Shadforth, W Vernon Arnold, Herbert T Shaw, Henry J Eder, L K Hirschell, O O Campbell, Edward James Gibbs Junior, Percy R Gibbs, Damskill, H Pace, R H Brooks, Thomas Chown, Eliza Dabwern, Nichol (Marseille), W B Stephenson, E E H, Robert H Draper, George Hackett, H Reeve, W B Smith, and Commander W L Martin (R.N.).

PROBLEM No. 2190.

By H. W. SHERRARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The ninth game of this match was played in the room of the Harmonic Club, St. Louis, on Feb. 10 last. Dr. Zukertort opened the game, adhering to the Queen's gambit, which was, as usual, declined by Herr Steinitz, with some modification of the line of defence he adopted in the earlier part of the match. Up to White's twenty-second move there was no advantage on either side; but on his twenty-fifth move, Dr. Zukertort proffered the sacrifice of a minor piece, which Black declined, although it has since been pronounced that White's combination was unsound. At all events, it led eventually to the loss of the game. In explanation of Herr Steinitz declining to take the piece, it is said that he had not time to analyse the position, only fifteen minutes of his time limit remaining to him for five moves. It is tolerably certain, however, that he saw a better way to the end than subjecting himself to a harassing attack, however short-lived it might prove to be. Few positions of interest arise in this game, but the ending was masterfully conducted by the winner. The time occupied was three hours and fifty-five minutes, of which Dr. Zukertort consumed one hour and three-quarters.

NINTH GAME.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)	WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. R to R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P		
5. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th		
6. B takes P	P takes P		
7. P takes P	B to K 2nd		
8. Castles	Castles		
9. Q to K 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
10. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
11. B to K B 4th	Q Kt to Q 4th		
12. B to Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th		
13. Q R to B sq	B to Q 2nd		
14. Kt to K 5th	K R to Q sq		
15. Q to B 3rd	B to K sq		
16. B to K R 4th	Kt takes Kt		
17. P takes Kt	Q to B 2nd		
18. K R to K sq	Q R to B sq		
19. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 4th		
20. B takes B	Q takes B		
21. B takes Kt	R takes B		
22. P to Q B 4th	K R to Q sq		
23. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 3rd		
24. R to Q sq	P to B 3rd		

As we announced last week, play in the above match was resumed at New Orleans on the 26th ult., the game, a very short one, being drawn. The eleventh game was played on March 1, and was won by Herr Steinitz, who was equally successful in the twelfth game, played on March 3. The thirteenth, played on the 5th inst., turned out the longest yet played in the course of the match. It extended to eighty-six moves, and occupied eight hours and five minutes, of which time Dr. Zukertort consumed three hours and ten minutes, and his adversary four hours and fifty-five minutes. It was won by Dr. Zukertort. The score, therefore, at the time we write, stands—Steinitz, 6; Zukertort, 5; drawn, 2.

The annual match between the St. George's and City Chess Clubs was played at the Criterion on the 4th inst. There were sixteen competitors on each side, and the play resulted in a victory for the City with 24 points to the adversary's 64. Appended is the full score:—

ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.	CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.
1. Mr. P. Hirschfeld 2	Mr. Lord 2
2. Rev. Mr. Waite 0	Mr. Hooke 1
3. Dr. Ballard 1	Mr. Heppell 2
4. Mr. Minchin 1	Mr. Tinsley 0
5. Mr. F. H. Lewis 0	Mr. Wainwright 2
6. Mr. Lambert 1	Mr. Stevens 1
7. Mr. Gattie 1	Mr. Anger 0
8. Mr. Salter 2	Mr. Fenton 1
9. Mr. Wyvill 0	Mr. Chappell 1
10. Mr. Heathcote 0	Mr. Frankenstein 1
11. Mr. Ball 0	Mr. Taylor 1
12. Mr. Warner 2	Mr. Vyse 2
13. Mr. Burroughs 1	Mr. B. G. Laws 0
14. General Pearce 0	Mr. Loman 1
15. Mr. Cheymell 0	Mr. Hirsch 1
16. Mr. Marett 1	Mr. E. P. Griffiths 0
64	92

In mitigation of the distress prevailing at Peterborough, Earl Fitzwilliam, father of the Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, the member for that city, has dispatched from his collieries at Elsecar 100 tons of coal, for distribution to the resident poor.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

SECOND NOTICE.

Macmillan's Magazine for this month is a strong number. The first article is an exceedingly fair and temperate review of the career of the chief American abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, an apostle rather than a prophet, a hero but not a statesman, narrow but not fanatical, whose mistakes were more than atoned for by his single-mindedness, and whose entire self-effacement makes him almost unique. Among the leaders of agitations equally interesting in a different way is Mr. Pater's tale of Sebastian Van Storck, the man who "sickens with a vague disease," a study illustrative of the influence of Spinoza upon an unsound mind, and distinguished by all the author's usual seductive and almost effeminate beauty of style. Mr. Pater's manner and his well-known æsthetic theories seem almost to exclude the idea of a moral purpose; but his tale has a lesson, nevertheless. Mr. Palgrave's inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry has many felicitous phrases and just reflections, but announces no new departure in criticism. "George Sand's Country" is pleasantly sketched by Miss Betham Edwards. "A Century of Books" reviews the late discussion in a spirit too genial to extract half the amusement that might have been derived from the vagaries and inconsistencies of the literary Amphictyons. In an essay on "The Socialistic Tendencies of Modern Democracy," Mr. Brodrick points out very ably the fallacies at the root of much modern legislation, not professedly nor intentionally Socialistic. It will probably be found, however, that every community has, at one time or another, been compelled to resort to Socialistic legislation in some form.

The Fortnightly Review has an unusual proportion of really instructive papers, among which may particularly be named the suggestions for the management of the police and the maintenance of public order, entitled "Law and License," Mr. Bochetti's criticism of people's friends, from Socialist orators to manufacturing philanthropists and "The Army and the Democracy," advocating a separate army for foreign service, on the principle of the army of the East India Company. The element of amusement is contributed by E. Delille's paper on "Parisian Hills," though his description of the decadence of Paris is in no way amusing; and the account of Gore House, by Mr. Edmund Yates, who has got hold of Soyer's book of autographs. Mr. W. Sharpe contributes an interesting account of the Rossetti family; and Colonel Nolan's article on Home Rule, pointing out the financial advantages which the Irish expect to derive from legislative independence, suggests the inquiry whether they could not be secured under the present system.

"The Irish Difficulty," an anonymous article in the Contemporary Review, is also a model of the style and spirit in which the subject should be treated, whatever may be thought of the writer's plan for dividing Ireland into two provinces, with separate legislatures. Professor Salmon's history of the "Experiences of a Disestablished Church" is a most interesting record of the success of the Church of Ireland in adapting herself to circumstances of very considerable difficulty. Mr. Arnold White forcibly points out the advantages of South Africa as a field for State-aided emigration, now that the system is impracticable in Australia. The vicissitudes of fame are illustrated by Mr. R. H. Hutton's lecture on Cardinal Newman, now in course of being repaid for undue depreciation by excessive eulogy, never more lavishly administered than by Mr. Hutton. Mr. Bryce's discourse on geography as a factor in history, is singularly entertaining, lucid, and instructive.

Besides other articles of interest the Art Journal for March contains some judicious remarks on the Old Masters' Exhibition at the Royal Academy. "French Art" and "Untravelled France" are continued; and in a paper on the river Douro, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, there are some picturesque sketches of Spanish wine-boats.

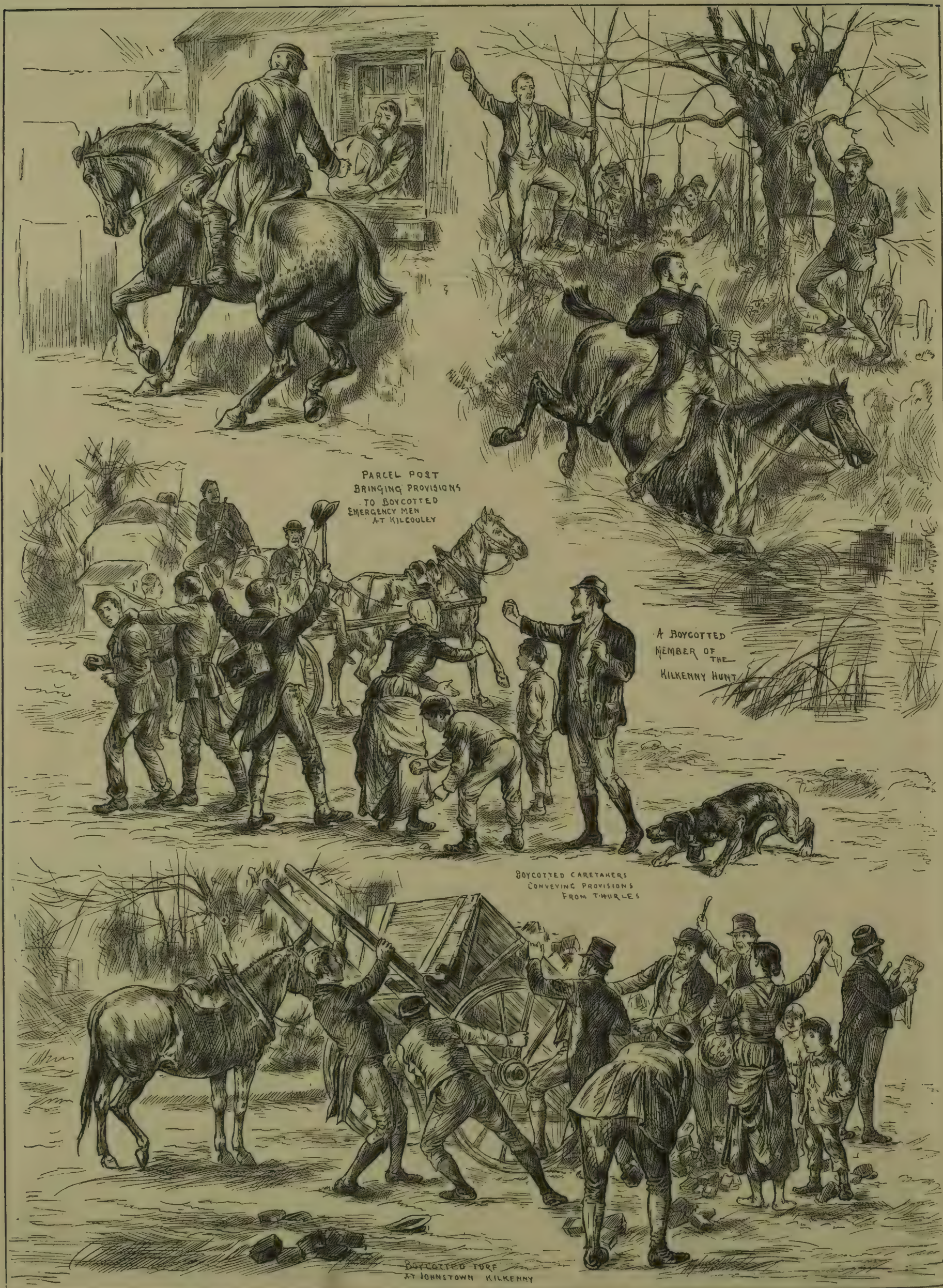
Among the always varied contents of the Magazine of Art, there is an interesting account of an old English manor-house—Slyfield, in Surrey. The best of the generally excellent engravings is a spirited woodcut after De Neuville, entitled "Forward!"

The Century, besides Mr. Aldrich's novel and the beautifully illustrated "Italy from a Tricycle" and "Mountaineering in Persia," has two contributions of great value. In a luminous and impartial essay, Mr. Washington Gladden, taking for a text-book the work of the Socialistic writer Groulund, points out precisely what "collectivist" Socialists want, the utter impracticability of their proposals, the germ of reason at the bottom of them, nevertheless, and the proper way of dealing with them by encouraging co-operation. General Buell's dignified and soldierly narrative of the battle of Shiloh shows that the Federal army was completely surprised, and that the resumption of the struggle and ultimate victory would have been utterly impossible but for Buell's arrival on the field. It may very well be that Buell's interposition might have saved the whole army, but it is not so clear that he did, as the testimony of the Confederate officer, Colonel Lockett, seems to prove that General Beauregard would in no case have encountered the Federal gun-boats. The sketch of Castelar is interesting, and illustrated by fine portraits.

Two of the numerous short stories in Belgavia will attract special attention. The large public, charmed and enthralled by Mr. R. L. Stevenson's genius, will look with kindly interest on Mrs. Stevenson's attempts in fiction; and, in truth, "The Warloch's Shadow" is well able to stand by its own merits. It is a wild, weird piece of Creole sorcery, diablerie with a very peculiar and individual character. In Miss Clementina Black's "Caroline," on the other hand, the sensational groundwork of the plot is hardly remarked, and attention is absorbed by the sober, concentrated, and thoroughly artistic execution, as of a powerful picture painted in a neutral tint. The other tales in the number are very well in their way, but have no especial pretensions to literary talent.

The Gentleman's Magazine has a good story by Miss Henrietta Corkran, "The Picture of the Year"; an interesting account, by Mr. A. C. Ewald, of Henry Machyn, the diarist of Queen Mary's time; and a thrilling narrative, by Mr. James Hutton, of the atrocities committed in the south of France by French Royalists during the first years of the Restoration. The leading feature in London Society is the continuation of Miss Bertha Thomas's spirited and vivacious story, "Elizabeth's Fortune." Mr. Lang's "End of Phœacia" is concluded in Time, which also ends the Whigs, through the agency of Mr. B. Costilloe; and has a discriminating criticism on Annel's journals by Dr. A. H. Japp, with other good articles.

We have also received the Argosy, The Lady's Treasury, The Theatre, Knowledge, Moniteur de la Mode, World of Fashion, La Saison, Le Follet, Gazette of Fashion, Red Dragon, Good Words, Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Anti-quarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, The Quiver, Cassell's Family Magazine, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Merry England, Leisure Hour, Book-Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, Sporting Mirror, Harper's Young People, and others.



BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND.—SKETCHES BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.



OUT OF WORK.—DRAWN BY A. D. M'CORMICK.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1881), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1884, and March 4, 1885), of the Hon. Peter John Locke King, M.P. for East Surrey from 1847 to 1874, late of Brooklands, Weybridge, Surrey, and of No. 33, Dover-street, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Miss Anna Clementina King, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £269,000. The testator bequeaths £17,500 to his daughter Hester Fortescue King; £15,000 each to his daughters Anna Clementina King and Eleanor Elizabeth King; and he also appoints a certain sum of £15,000, under his marriage settlement, to his said three daughters, in equal shares. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he gives to his son, Hugh Fortescue Locke King.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 3, 1885), of Lady Anne Legge, late of North Holmwood Lodge, near Dorking, who died on Nov. 24 last, was proved on Jan. 23 by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Henry Legge, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix gives all her property, real and personal, upon trust, for the use and enjoyment of her sister, Lady Mary Legge, for life; at her death, she bequeaths, out of her pure personalty, such sum as will produce £50 per annum, to be applied in the same manner as the endowment fund of North Holmwood Vicarage; and some other legacies. The ultimate residue she leaves to her said nephew. The deceased was a daughter of the third Earl of Dartmouth.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1867), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1870), of Mr. William Francis Eyre, late of No. 20, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Mrs. Ellen Josephine Eyre, the widow, and Thomas Joseph Eyre, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £191,000. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his friend, Madame René Collet; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 26, 1871), with two codicils (dated June 9 and July 9, 1885), of Mrs. Mary Anne Curwen, late of No. 42, Grosvenor-place, who died on Jan. 6 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 16th ult. by Sir John Heathcoat Heathcoat Amory, Bart., Herbert Henry Walford, and Colonel Morgan James Saurin, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £167,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies and annuities; and the residue of her personal estate, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Jane Goodlake, for life, and then for her children or issue. In default of any such children or issue, she further bequeaths £40,000 to St. George's Hospital, on condition that one of the wards be named "The Ewing Ward," and that the money be kept as a separate fund; £5000 each to the Great Northern Hospital, Caledonian-road; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; and All Saints' Seaside Convalescent Hospital, Eastbourne;—£2500 each to Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary, Charing-cross Hospital, West Strand; the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, Islington; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road; the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road, Brompton; Middlesex Hospital, near Tottenham-court-road; Queen Charlotte Lying-In Hospital, Marylebone-road; the General Lying-In Hospital, York-road, Lambeth; the City of London Lying-In Hospital, City-road; the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's-square; the Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney-heath; the Convalescent Hospital, at

Walton; the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William-street, West Strand; the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; the British Orphan Asylum, Mackenzie Park, Slough; the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, Bagshot; the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, Streatham; the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children; and the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney-road;—£1000 to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; and £500 each to the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's-road, Chelsea; the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Gloucester-street, Pimlico; and the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Wright's-lane, Kensington. If her estate is insufficient to pay all the above charitable legacies in full, then the legacy to St. George's Hospital is to be first paid, and the other legacies are to abate in proportion; but if there is any residue, after paying all the said legacies, then it is to be divided between all the foregoing charities, except St. George's Hospital, in the same proportion as the amount of their respective legacies.

The will (dated March 14, 1878), with a codicil (dated Jan. 16, 1883), of Mr. John Everard Barton, formerly of Prescott House, Stourbridge, carpet manufacturer, but late of Astley Hall, Astley, both in the county of Worcester, who died on Oct. 25 last, was proved on Jan. 30 by Mrs. Sarah Barton, the widow, and Edward Jones, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife, and the use of such of his plate, furniture, and effects as she may select, and an annuity of £700 during life or widowhood; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 16, 1885) of Mr. Richard Wheen, late of Courtlands, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Richard Wheen, Francis Wheen, and Charles Wheen, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £300, and his furniture at Courtlands, to his three daughters, Maria Goddard, Diana Wheen, and Louise Wheen; his wine and pictures to his said three sons; an annuity of £500, jointly, to his daughters Diana Wheen and Louise Wheen; £10,000, on trust, for his daughter Maria Goddard and her children; his freehold and works at Deptford, and the residue of his personal estate, to his said three sons, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated June 16, 1876), with two codicils (dated Aug. 23, 1877, and Jan. 23, 1882), of Miss Henrietta Hannah Bult, late of No. 1, Houghton-place, Ampthill-square, who died on Dec. 26 last, was proved on Jan. 28 by George Francis Twist, the nephew, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 each towards the repairs of the churches of Holy Innocents, Fallowfield; St. Mary's, Seymour-street; and St. Matthew's, Oakley-square;—£30 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West Hill, Putney; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the North London Consumption Hospital, Hampstead; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Home for Female Orphans, Grove-road; the Boys' Home, Regent's Park; the National Benevolent Institution; the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Sackville-street; the St. Pancras Female Charity School, Hampstead-road; the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read; the Society for Distributing Scripture Truth; and the Reformatory Home,

Euston-road; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. As to the residue of her personal estate, she leaves one sixth each to her nephews, John James Twist, Frederick Twist, George Francis Twist, and George Frederick Bult; and one sixth, upon trust, for each of her nieces, Francis Elizabeth Purton and Amelia Elizabeth Longbottom.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1885), with a codicil (dated Feb. 11 following), of Mr. Charles Henry Freeman, late of Kilravock, South Norwood Hill, who died on Nov. 21 last, at Brighton, has been proved by William Freeman Horn and Percy French Freeman, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. With the exception of a legacy of £100, the testator gives all his estate and effects, real and personal, to his sister, Sarah Grace Freeman.

"OUT OF WORK."

There is no sadder sentence, unless it be "out of health," than this melancholy phrase, "out of work," to the honest and willing folk of those numerous classes who depend for daily bread on daily toil. The precarious employment of so many thousands in town and country, in the changeable condition of trade and of all industrial enterprise, is the most urgent difficulty of modern social life. To solve this economic problem, if statesmanship could do it, would be infinitely more glorious than to establish Imperial dominion over every country on the surface of the globe. Wise public and private thrift alone can ever approach a step towards the improvement of that distressing and alarming condition, in which nearly all great civilised nations, despite the triumphs of science, the perfection of useful arts, and the vast accumulation of capital vainly seeking profitable investment, are deeply afflicted. The inquiry concerning its causes, which must precede the search for remedies, is the most important subject to which human benevolence and intelligence can be directed at the present time. It will prove that the increase of this greatest social evil, in the past thirty years, has coincided with the increase of military expenditure, and of the burdens entailed on every community, except the distant colonies, by past wars. The statistics of 1880 showed the existence of above three millions of soldiers in the standing armies of Europe, costing yearly a hundred and fifty millions sterling, which figures have since been largely augmented, while the collective national debts amount to between four and five thousand millions. It is no wonder, indeed, with this enormous drain upon the wealth and productive energy of the European populations, that men should be thrown out of work by depression of trade. The poor forlorn wanderers on the wintry highroad, who appear in our Artist's drawing, the husband and wife, the boy and the little girl carried in her father's arms, cold and hungry, penniless seekers of food and shelter after a weary walk from one disappointing town to another, if the real cause of loss of employment could be traced through multiplied transactions, might prove to be the victims of some act of political ambition, some foreign intrigue, some fit of martial vanity, recorded with slight disapproval in the history of the time. Such errors have their remote consequences affecting the prosperity not only of the nations by whose Governments they are committed, but of other nations indirectly connected together in the circle of commerce. War means waste, and waste brings want, if not to the waster, to somebody else; and superfluous soldiery must, sooner or later, conduct working-class men to the verge of starvation.

THE NATIONAL DISEASE OF THIS COUNTRY IS INDIGESTION.

of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-coloured expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the kidney secretions become

Modern Cooking and Modern Living have brought it on. It comes upon us un-awares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort

scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart and asthmatic symptoms; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one half of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. Seigel's Syrup changes the ferments of the Digestive organs so as to convert the food we eat into a form that will give nourishment to the feeble body, and good health is the consequence. The effect of this remedy is simply marvellous. Millions upon millions of bottles have been sold in this country, and the testimonials in favour of its curative powers are overwhelming. Hundreds of so-called diseases under various names are the result of Indigestion, and when this one trouble is removed the other diseases vanish, for they are but symptoms of the real malady.

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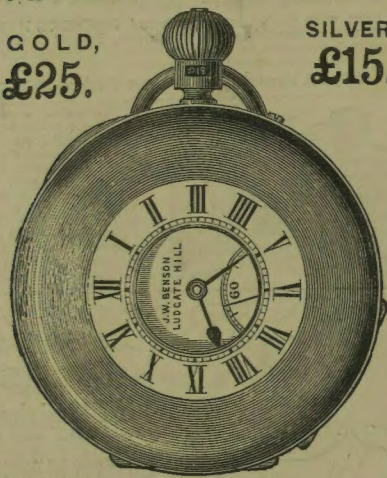
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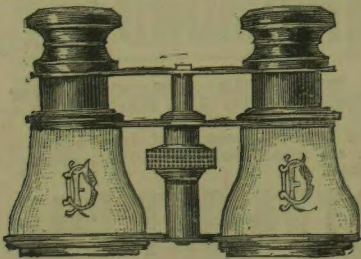
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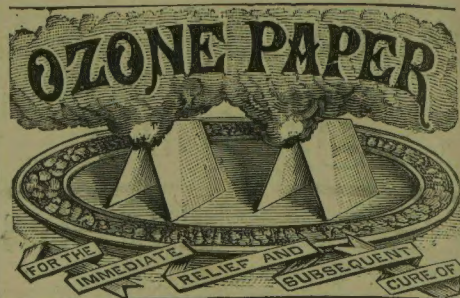
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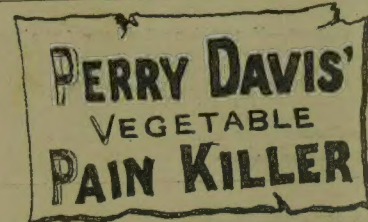
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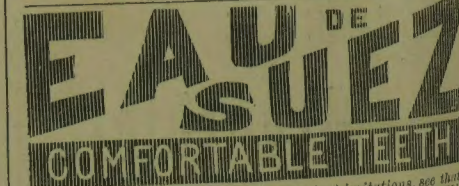


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BY THE BARRIERS OF THE NORTH SEA.

It is a quarter to seven o'clock, and already the night is closing in; for even here in the North the twilight still falls early in the month of March. Up there in the town, the great flax mills that earn the daily bread for Dundee have ceased their whirring; the labourers on the quays have gone home; and the ships, with tall spars and raking decks, that bring the flax and hemp from Russia, lie silent in the miniature docks, level with the causeway. A couple of sailors lounge from the door of a dingy tobacco shop, and roll off along the pavement; but otherwise the broad sweep of embankment is deserted. Out on the Firth, in the fading light, the grey, sullen waves, crested here and there with a line of foam, are racing up channel—racing up to where yonder, still visible, half a mile away, like a cable blown by the wind, the Tay Bridge curves from shore to shore. Silent, and lonely, and far away, yon fragile span of iron still tells its terrible story. Far out in the darkness, in the middle of the Firth, the arches stop. The waves churn viciously round the broken piers, and the wind, through the dreadful gap, howls a new defiance to Man. At the bridge's end, on the far side of the Firth, lights are beginning to gleam in the little town of Newport. It was not much later than this, on that awful night, already years ago, when the few people on the heights above the town here, who were watching the yellow lights of the train as it threaded its way along yon slender rail, were horrified to see, through the darkness, the sudden red cataract of the engine-fires as bridge, train, and passengers went crashing at once into the sea. Not a shriek was heard through the howling of the wind by the watchers on shore, and not a man escaped of the three-score souls in the train to tell the emotions of that awful moment when the bridge gave way. Few ships, at most, come up the fatal Firth; and its aspect, lonely at the best, suits well the tragedy in which its black waters have taken part.

The clouds are rolling up darker every moment from the east, and the life shore opposite would be altogether out of sight but for the scattered lights of Newport. The wind, too, is rising, and here, on the broad causeway by the docks, it sweeps along in unresisted gusts, sighing through the rigging of the few ships, and every now and again bearing with it a rustling column of dust that, grey and half-seen in the gathering darkness, might well be taken for some mournful wraith still haunting the fatal place.

There, however, was the distant shriek of a steam whistle. It is almost time for the North train to start. A porter is lighting the much-needed lamps; here is a business man, with a small parcel in his hand, going home for the night to his villa at Broughty Ferry; and yonder comes the boots of an hotel, dragging behind him a barrow-load of heavy sample-cases. The inside of the station is dreary enough. It is cold; the wind sweeps into it, and the sickly lamps flicker in the gusts; the carriages are still empty and unlit, and the keeper of the forlorn bookstall is improving the fire in the first-class waiting-room. Presently, though, there is a change. A magnificent guard, all brass chains and silver buttons, comes out of a room marked "private," and bangs the door behind him; a porter runs along by the side of the train with a truckful of lamps, throwing them up to a comrade on the roofs of the carriages; the doors are opened; more passengers arrive; the place wakens up.

"A cold night for the North journey!" says the commercial traveller on the opposite seat, as he wraps his rug round him, and unfolds the "Evening Telegraph." And, once out of the station, the remark promises to be true enough. The clouds are careering wildly in dark masses across the sky, and the wind is still rising. The man with the parcel, as he gets out at Broughty Ferry, seems heartily glad he is going no further. Another shriek, and the train is fairly off for the far North. The fresh smell of the sea has been growing stronger for some time, and presently, leaving Carnoustie behind, as the line runs close along the coast, the air comes, cold and bracing, directly off the ocean. The noise of the waves breaking on the beach can be heard—"the calling of the sea"—above the dull rumble of the train. The clear light, like a star, far out yonder in the darkness, is from the lighthouse on the Bell Rock, twelve miles at sea—a more cheering guide than the tidal bell hung there long ago, the legend says, by the "Abbot of Aberbrothock." On, on in the darkness rushes the train. Arbroath and Guthrie are past, where the Dundee carriages were joined to the night mail for the North. Again the speed slackens, the coast is being approached again, and now, as the panting engine comes to a stand at another junction, away down on the level by the margin of the sea twinkle into sight the clustered lights of "fair Montrose." As the wind, now a gale, whistles round the carriages up here, these glowing lights, with their associations of warmth and comfort, touch by contrast the traveller's thought with just a faint feeling of the outcast.

But on again, inland, with gathering speed, thunders the express. The cinders from the engine rattle on the roof, red-hot embers fall and go out in the fields alongside, and the red light from the engine fire throws a lurid glare on the sides of the cuttings and on the rolling volumes of smoke blown landward by the wind. Wayside stations, with their flashing lights, roar past and vanish in the darkness. Now and again a bridge flies crashing overhead; and more than once the lights of the train have gleamed on the broken surface of some brawling river. Woods are few; but they, too, give a frantic roar as the train tears through their solitudes. By day the country here may seem monotonous, and sometimes bleak; but the journey by night has a picturesqueness that has only come into possibility with the coming of steam.

Before long, by the salt sea smell, the iron road is once more approaching the coast, and the lights of Stonehaven, far down in its bay yonder, flash out of sight behind, as the train turns northward along the cliffs for the last clear stage of its journey. It has been quite dark now for an hour and more, and the outside world has been perceptible rather by sound than sight. At last, however, the wind, which on these barren headlands crashes against the carriages with terrific force, effects a change, for

From the white face of the drowning moon
The trellised clouds are driven, and angry stars
Flame red in Heaven's far depth;

and the weird moonlight reveals the raging of the elements. Away down there, at the foot of the cliffs, the great black waves leave their struggling fellows, and come thundering in among the rocks. One could pitch a stone into the midst of them from the carriage window; and the sheets of white spray that soar upwards against the sea-beaten face of the precipice almost touch the footboards of the train before they shower back again in roaring cataracts. There is no ship to be seen on that labouring sea. Sailors know better than to trust themselves, on such a night, off this havenless coast. The cold, full gale—electric with the ozone from a thousand waves—has probably caught no human breath since it left the coast of Norway; and when the window is let down, in a trice the cobwebs are blown from the brain, and the humours from the blood. The wind is heavy and moist, but not with rain. The dew it leaves on lip and brow has

been gathered from the ocean, and to-morrow morning this side of the train will be white with a fine crusting of salt.

During the summer a curious spectacle presents itself in this district. The dry stone dykes by the side of the line may be seen covered for miles with split fish—Findon haddocks drying in the sun—while here and there the blue smoke rising from a bothie tells where others are being cured. For the people on this open shore live less by the scanty produce of the land than by the perilous harvest of the sea. A hardy, careful race they are, with a dialect all their own; and indeed, the words of the stout old station-master at the last stopping-place, as he shut the carriage doors and shouted above the wind some sly bit of badinage to the guard, would hardly have been understood by southern ears.

But another cloud has drifted across the moon; the sea with its raging is hidden from sight, and all outside is black as before. Suddenly the train swerves inland, leaving the dull roar of the breakers behind. It slackens speed as it rumbles over the long bridge above the Dee, and presently, with a groan of the brakes, the express stands still in the heart of the Granite City.

G. E. T.

"THE END OF THE TAIL."

The picture, by Mr. T. Blinks, which was lately exhibited in Mr. A. Tooth's Gallery, is reproduced in our Extra Supplement; "and thereby hangs a tale," which is told as follows, with a pleasant introduction, by a correspondent of some experience in foxhunting adventures:—

I had been with the hounds and had seen good sport, and our talk after dinner was of the pack and the run. Then, as I turned round for a snooze in the easy-chair, Nettie, my niece, looked up and asked if dogs did "really" talk, because she had found these words in her picture-book, "and the dog then said bow-wow." I replied that they did, but in a language of their own, and that each one understood the other, "though it's dog-Latin they talk," here put in her brother, who, just over twelve years old, had come home from school. Then I settled again for a quiet nap, but found it was not to be, as the subject thus started was taken up soon by her two elder sisters, aged eight years and ten, who were called by the pet names of Mina and Carrie, to whom I had most evenings told some odd tales since I had come there, on a visit for some weeks, to my brother, as was my custom each Christmas, for the shooting and hunting, as he was very well placed for both; his house, an old manor one, being hemmed in by covers, where both pheasants and foxes could always be found; hence, men in each season were sure of a run when "Manor Wood, Shelsley," was a line in the fixtures.

Besides my Christmas visit there, I was expected to stay for two months in the summer, as there were otter-hounds handy and good trout-streams, and fish to be had in the river. The youngsters, of course, took up much of my time, as they had pets to be seen to and things to be fed—the ponies, horses, goats, and cows; ducks, pigeons, fowls, and rabbits—and very great fun we had, always together, as, being hearty rosy girls, they lacked not healthy spirits. Tiny, as Nettie was often called, was, in her small way, as active as the others, though her feet were apt to fail her—as she was "but just turned four"—when we all were out for a ramble; but she knew she could come back on my shoulder, to her own very great delight. Then, circled round the cheery fire, tale-telling each night became the rule before they went to bed; and as Nettie was always the first to go, from her came the greatest clamour, and the tales I told had to be but simple things, as suited to her age. It did not though always end with that, for as soon as the darling had kissed "good-night," the rest often asked me for "something better." Nettie that night was on my knee, and they were prepared to listen; when as Charlie teased Mina and again got checked, I told him to mind what his father said, or, like the fox, he would try it on once too often; I remembering a tale I had told to others, who were, like himself, much addicted to teasing. But the immediate result was such a chorus of questions, as at once to involve me in a twice-told story, which, though greatly spun out by me, briefly was this.

A pack, called the Blankshire, had been often "done" by an old fox whose fast running exceeded their pace, and with it he teased them too; for instead of getting off as he easily could, he would lie down now and then in some thick sedge or gorse, until they again had got almost to him, when with a whisk of his brush—which they called his old "tail"—he would lead them, to tease them, the same dance as before, till his white tip seemed to haunt them. So the old hounds talked it over, and fixed what to do to end his game altogether; and in a week after that—to the huntsman's cry of "farrard, hoick farrard; good hounds, farrard, on!"—they so dashed onwards when that fox first stopped, as to settle him and his tail for ever. Then, old Hector, who hung to him well at the brook, made this remark to the others: "That's the end of his tail, and a good thing too, as he never again can tease us." This I told to the children some years ago, and when they see the fine picture of hounds in this Paper this week—which, rather oddly, considering the drift of my story, is quaintly called by the Artist "The end of the tail"—they will no doubt be reminded of it.

An anonymous donor has placed £1000 to the credit of Mr. George Latham, M.P., to pay his expenses in contesting the Crewe Division of Cheshire. Mr. Latham has not yet taken his seat, having been struck down with illness immediately after the declaration of the poll. He is now better.

A series of excellent concerts (ballad and operatic alternately) has been begun at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road. On each operatic evening the music of some opera will be sung by well-known artists, and several tableaux illustrating the story will be given. The first operatic concert was given on Thursday week, and the first ballad concert took place last Thursday.

A noteworthy addition has been made to the sumptuous dining-rooms of the West-End in the Piccadilly Restaurant. Occupying the south-western corner of the new Pavilion block of buildings erected like magic in Piccadilly-circus, this new restaurant makes a strong bid for public favour with an excellent cuisine and wines of choice vintage. Softly illuminated by handsome electric lights, the Piccadilly Restaurant is one of the most cheerful in London.

In every London parish laudable efforts are being made to relieve the poor in distress. Especially seasonable service is being rendered by such benevolent institutions as the St. Clement Danes' laundry and soup-kitchen, the benefits of which are daily appreciated by the poorest residents in Claremarket. On behalf of the funds of this admirable charitable institution Mr. Herbert H. Twining and Mr. Charles J. Livett are organising an attractive musical and dramatic entertainment, to comprise the performances of an amateur orchestra, "Poor Pillicoddy," "Withered Leaves," and "Bardell v. Pickwick," at St. George's Hall, on the evening of March 18. There promises to be a goodly gathering of distinguished patrons at this entertainment, tickets for which may be procured from Mr. Brown, stationer, 195, Strand.

LADY ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

The Lady Artists, in shifting their annual exhibition from the rooms in Great Marlborough-street to the Egyptian Hall, have, we think, exercised a wise discretion. They have now been established as a separate society for upwards of thirty years, and, by their past and present members, may claim that right of recognition from the patrons of art which seems only to be accorded to exhibitions held within "the charmed parallel-gram." The present year's show of pictures by the Lady Artists is not only fair, in comparison with many of its predecessors, but it contrasts very much to its advantage with not a few of the exhibitions of the day, where there is no restriction as to sex. Of course, one does not base this estimate upon such works as Mrs. Merritt's character-portraits of "Mrs. Stirling" and "Miss Ellen Terry" (241) as the Nurse and Juliet; Miss Hilda Montalba's "Venetian Girl Going to the Well" (227); and Mrs. K. Perugini's "Fastening the Plait" (263), a pretty, simple child looking back over her shoulder. Nor is there any reason for testing the work of Miss Annie Robinson's "Through the Orchard" (252), with any special forbearance. With the exception of the unfortunate and easily remedied treatment of the right arm, carrying the pitcher, the picture is far more vigorous than the majority of the figure paintings to be met with at Burlington House. These and others, moreover, have already made their way in the mixed throng of men and women artists, and the public has already shown its appreciation of their work. But turning from them to less-known names, one cannot but be struck by the large quantity of promising work, especially in water colours, which the exhibition displays; and we fear that the very moderate prices which the ladies ask for their drawings may be one of the reasons why, especially in professional circles, the separate organisation of lady artists is looked upon with disfavour. Without going into detailed descriptions of their several pictures, we think Miss Louisa Rayner's "Grassmarket, Edinburgh" (47), Miss Kate Macaulay's "Fishing-boats" (71) and "Going Out to Sea" (52), Miss O'Hara's "Good-night" (168), birds on a branch, and the same lady's sea-scenes on the Irish coast, and Miss Fannie Moody's "Discourse" (271), a group of dogs assembled round a raven perched on a barrel, are works which would have attracted notice in any gallery. Amongst other lady artists who send sketches of more than average merit should be mentioned Mrs. Marrable's "Old Cross at Bordighera" (131) and many other Italian sketches, Miss E. M. Gill's "Hazy Day at Ockshot" (99), Miss Lucy Tuck's "Blue Stocking" (120), Miss E. H. Hastie's "Haven Under the Hill" (142), Miss Emily Stone's "Day-Dreams" (146), Mrs. Lennard Lewes's "Quimperlé" (179), Miss E. Partridge's "Zither-Player" (162), Miss Bertha Newcomb's "Water-Lilies" (218), Miss F. Armstrong's "Midhurst" (382), the Marchioness of Waterford's "Soap-Bubbles" (444), three charming children's heads, and Miss A. Currey's thoughtfully conceived landscape of "Hickling Broad" (401). Among the oil paintings, Miss Florence M. Cooper's "Desolate" (278), a woman beside an empty cot, is powerfully painted, but is too suggestive of Israel's influence; Miss Moody's "Intruder" (224), a study of horses attentively examining a grey foal which has trespassed on their pastures; and Miss Ida Lovering's "Sisters" (330), two children seated on the ground, are all of them works which display more than mere amateur talent. The much neglected but delightful branch of miniature-painting finds skilful and tasteful interpreting in Miss Hené Wheelwright (450) and Mrs. Cooper (446), and, as may be expected, flower-painting attracts numerous aspirants to popular favour.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The recent discoveries at Athens will give great encouragement to excavators in various parts of Greece and the neighbouring isles. The chief interest connected with the newly-found Athens statues is the fact that they belong almost entirely to the earlier period of Greek art—known as the Archaic or pre-Pheidian. The objects discovered, mostly in the presence of the King, by the Archaeological Society of Athens, were found on the Acropolis, on a bit of waste ground, full of marble blocks, lying between the Erechtheum and the spot where the bronze figure of Athene stood. The chief prize was a set of six draped colossal figures in Parian marble, of which the feet only are missing. In one case, the head still retains its glass eyes, thus finally settling a dispute which has raged for generations among archaeologists. The other discoveries were more mutilated, and consisted of three statues without heads, belonging to the same period; a torso of the figure of Victory, bearing traces of painting, and very elaborately sculptured; a half-sized figure of a goddess, probably Artemis, bearing strong resemblance to the Hera of Samos, now in the Louvre, and the Artemis found at Delos, and now at Athens; some fragments of other statues, and a number of pieces of columns bearing inscriptions. The King was present during the whole time—barely three hours—during which these treasures were being dragged into the light of day.

In South Kensington also there is to be a revival of Greek art. The "Tale of Troy," which was given some three or four years ago at Lady Freake's in both Greek and English, is to be produced again with the same scenery and effects, but in the latter language only. It will be accompanied by a fresh play—the "Story of Orestes," adapted in English by Professor Warre, and also English. The performance this year will be given at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, towards the end of May.

The students of the Philadelphia University are determined not to lag behind their brethren at Cambridge and Oxford in the revival of the Greek drama. Next May they propose to give two performances of Aristophanes' play the "Acharnians." A chorus of twenty-four has been selected, and is already practising the music adapted to the play. The scene, it will be recollected, passes in one of the streets of Athens, and, in order to represent this with proper local colour, Mr. Russell Smith has been engaged to superintend the painting and setting of the scenery. The principal buildings introduced will be the Erechtheion, the Thesieon, and the Temple of Ilyssus, whilst the background will be filled by a distant view of the Acropolis.

The Archbishop of Canterbury distributed prizes, on the 5th inst., to the members of the Metropolitan Drawing Classes, and gave an address on the subject of technical education.

Mr. Samuel Morley, in distributing prizes to art students, at Leicester, on the 5th inst., pointed-out the importance of art and technical education as a means of meeting Continental competition.

Lord Granville has received a communication from the King of the Belgians offering valuable assistance in the loan of a large number of works of art from the celebrated Belgian galleries for the Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone. The French Government have promised to contribute exhibits from the national porcelain and tapestry factories of Sèvres, Beauvais, and the Gobelins, and will also authorise the loan of art treasures and antiquities from the municipalities throughout the north of France.



THE END OF THE TAIL.
FROM THE PICTURE BY T. BLINKS.

NEW BOOKS.

Decidedly the most interesting and the most pleasant way of making or keeping up an acquaintance with history is to read such works as *The Court of France in the Sixteenth Century* (1514-1559), by Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson (Richard Bentley and Son); although, no doubt, young students could hardly afford the time they would have to expend in learning their history after this attractive fashion, taking it piecemeal, by easy, desultory instalments, and then putting the pieces together, so as to form a compact whole, with proper chronological sequence. For Lady Jackson has already given us the "Court of Louis XVI," and other publications relating to periods later than the sixteenth century, so that it is "harking back" a great deal, and dodging about not a little, to go after Anne of Brittany, Louis XII., Francis I., and the personages of their day. Having written other books about "Courts," the writer of these two volumes felt bound, perhaps, for uniformity's sake, to introduce "Court" into the title on the present occasion; but the first thing which strikes one is that the book has quite as much to do with "camps" as with "courts," and even more. In fact, we are expressly reminded at the outset that "Court life," as it is generally understood in modern times—the life of which Queens or Empresses, with the wives and daughters of more or less distinguished men of rank, wealth, and position are the chief components and ornaments—did not exist in France before the days of Anne of Brittany, and was quite a novelty at the date of the two volumes. This naturally would make the reader all the more desirous of knowing more of what went on among the Royal and other ladies, when they were alone together, or when the smaller, as well as greater, "parties" took place in the Queen's "separate Court," than of the public events in which Kings and men were the principal actors, and which may be read of in ordinary histories. But of such information there is comparatively little. The volumes, for the most part, contain merely rewritten history (with some judicious curtailments), but so written as to be eminently readable, and, if not "as good as a play," more agreeable and certainly more profitable than the majority of novels. The story, for so it is, begins with the funeral of Anne of Brittany, and ends with a mournful marriage ceremony, performed beside the death-bed of Henry II., who had been mortally wounded at a tournament by the unlucky Franco-Scottish Count De Montgomery. The volumes are embellished by several excellent portraits—unless, indeed, embellishment be too flattering a word for the portraits of Clément Merot (who looks more like a drunken satyr than a laurel-crowned poet), of Francis I. (who evidently could "smile and smile and be a villain"), and of the "Constable" Bourbon (whom a Jack Cade would have been perfectly justified in hanging, on the evidence of his countenance). There is a lovely portrait of the fair Diana of Poitiers; but it is to be hoped that, as a rule, she had something more "to wear"—at any rate, in winter.

It is always instructive to know the impression intelligent foreigners receive upon visiting this country. It is with no slight attraction we are drawn to the volumes about England written by Taine, Lewald, and Heine, by Emerson and Hawthorne. The *Journal of a Visit to England* in 1883, by Bhagvat Sinh Jee Thakore Sahib of Gondal (Education Society's Press, Byculla), coming from the pen of an Indian Prince, will be read with curiosity. The Thakore Sahib is modest, and observes that his remarks, made during a hurried tour of six months, must be taken for what they are worth. They are worth a good deal, on account of the keen observation of the traveller and the friendly spirit in which they are written. The author writes with great frankness and, at times, when drawing a moral lesson from what he sees, with naïveté; but he carries the reader with him, and some of his adverse comments on the national character are, we think, fully justified. He had opportunities for seeing England, denied to a private gentleman. The Thakore Sahib visited the Queen at Osborne, attended Court balls and levées, travelled in the Royal train to Epsom on the Derby Day; and in the pleasantest of ways was able to see many of the principal sights of England and Scotland. Our civilisation did not wholly satisfy the Prince—does it satisfy Englishmen?—but he saw much to praise, and seems to have been especially charmed with the beauty of English and Scotch scenery. It had been the dream of the Thakore Sahib's life to see England; and when he landed at Plymouth, he felt "ineffable delight." And, although this sense of delight is uppermost, the traveller does not hesitate to criticise unfavourably much that he sees and hears. With Cambridge he was not strongly impressed, and preferred Oxford, where he met with a number of great men, "each of whom seemed to be more clever than the last." He had always supposed that, of all cities in the world, London would be the cleanest and most charming place to live in; but he observes, "The results of my personal observations have been disappointing." At a State concert, the Chief of Gondal heard the best music and singers of the day, and expresses his preference for the music of his own land, deeming it "more ancient, more scientific, and more complete as a science." In the House of Commons, he expected to hear speeches like Burke's; and, it is needless to say, he was disappointed. Some of our amusements, in this land of Christianity and civilisation, the Chief regards as cruel or foolish. "I heartily detest," he writes, "the wanton practice of shooting pigeons"; and he doubts the "utility" of fancy-dress balls, thinking that the labour and expenditure ought to bear some proportion to the enjoyment gained. The writer expresses his doubts, too, as to the moral influence of our theatres, and is sure the license and liberty of the stage would not generally find favour with his conservative countrymen. On more serious subjects the Thakore Sahib writes with earnestness and good sense. He hopes the day will come when Englishmen will sympathise more with the people of India, and throw off the reserve which at present keeps them apart. He makes some pertinent suggestions with regard to Free Trade, and writes with warm loyalty of the Queen. The little volume deserves more attention than a book published in India is likely to receive. It is slight in texture, but, as coming from the pen of a well-educated Indian Prince, it has an interest that does not attach to ordinary volumes of travel.

Yarrow, the poets' river, and "pathless Ettrick" bring up many a memory of romance and song. Here were the scenes of early minstrelsy, and here, too, have been heard the voices of later and greater poets. *Reminiscences of Yarrow*, by James Russell, D.D., with preface by Professor Campbell Fraser (Blackwood and Sons), is a work of special interest. Dr. Russell and his father, Robert Russell, were ministers of the kirk at Yarrow for nearly a century—that is to say, from 1791 to 1883—a period that not only covers all the comparatively recent associations of the district, but takes us back to a time which, in a spot so secluded, may be termed primitive. Nature has done much for this sequestered valley, but it may be almost said that literature has done more. To say nothing of its ballads, chief among which, perhaps, is "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," the neighbourhood was so dear to Scott that

it may be said to have become a part of his life; Wordsworth, too, owned its power in lovely verses. It inspired the Ettrick shepherd, of whom an admirable account is here given; and, by "lone St. Mary's Lake," in Tibbie Shiel's homely but comfortable hostel, Wilson wrote many a bright essay for *Blackwood*. Tibbie herself was a character not readily to be forgotten in the countryside. She, too, lives in literature, and, good woman as she was, has left behind her the memory of kindly actions that blossom in the dust. With all her virtues, it is to be feared, Tibbie Shiel did not care for poetry. She knew Hogg well, was present at his death-bed, and pronounced him to be "a gay sensible man, for a' the nonsense he wrat." For the many associations of "classic Yarrow" we must refer our readers to the volume in which they are chronicled; but it is interesting to note here that one of Carlyle's earliest efforts was a description of the Yarrow country, and that Dr. Norman Macleod was wont to say that his highest idea of earthly happiness was to spend a long summer's day there. Dr. Russell, who passed away himself in 1883, has much to tell of Yarrow in his father's time, as well as in his own; but the occasional want of dates leaves the reader a little uncertain in which period the writer alludes. Tea was 8s. a pound, and wheaten bread scarcely known in the valley. Letters from London cost 1s. 1½d. in the author's boyhood, and were delivered once a week by the carrier. When the elder Russell came to Yarrow, a single copy of the *Edinburgh Courier* served the whole district, being passed on from family to family. While writing this, we read that that journal—the oldest in Scotland—has just ceased to exist. Alas! that even newspapers must, "like chimney-sweepers, turn to dust"! If tea was expensive, education was cheap, the charge for board and education in Yarrow school amounting to £8 per annum, "and never, even in dear years, to more than £18 or to £20. The food was wholesome, and illness almost unknown. The master, who, nevertheless, retired on a competency, gave a good deal for the money he received, including blows of all kinds. "The handle of a large garden-knife was mercilessly dug into some thick skull, a massive bunch of keys rattled about the ears . . . or both ears were boxed alternately; there was a sharp hazel-wand for shoulders, a thick coil of ropes was occasionally vigorously applied to the back or legs"; and no doubt it was in return for this friendly discipline that, on the schoolmaster's retirement, a number of his old scholars presented him with a massive silver punch-bowl and ladle. We should like, did space allow, to give other illustrations of a time gone by: to tell of the shepherds taking their dogs to church; of the preachers in top-boots and buckskin breeches; of the simple Yarrow farmer who sold his sheep to an Englishman, name unknown, on the promise of payment at the next fair, when, to the seller's astonishment, the stranger did not make his appearance; and of sundry old-world manners and morals, which civilisation has at length driven out of Yarrow. But the book is one to be read; and if these few comments lead to that result, they will have fulfilled their purpose.

Mr. Fox Bourne is an enterprising writer, a little too much addicted, perhaps, to book-making, but withal producing volumes by no means wanting in ability and painstaking. About twenty years ago, according to one preface, or about sixteen years ago, according to another, the compiler brought out the work which he now offers to the public in a second edition. *English Merchants' Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce* (Chatto and Windus), is a book belonging to the class of narratives which Mr. Smiles's pen has made so popular. It covers several centuries, and includes the familiar names of Whittington and the Greshams, of the Myddeltons and George Heriot, of Paterson—the father of the Bank of England—and of the Rothschilds and Barings. The volume is full of entertainment, and the reader may gain from it considerable instruction in the by-paths of history. Indeed, the more he examines the book, the more he will be struck by the large amount of significant facts which it contains. Such chapters as the seventeenth, on "Some Merchants of Liverpool"; the nineteenth, on "Some Merchants of Manchester"; and the twentieth, on "Some Merchants of Glasgow," could not have been written without considerable labour and research.

Mr. Ruskin, who has recently recommended "Sir Charles Grandison" as a tale for youthful readers, has done so, no doubt, with a full recollection of the extraordinary length of that once famous fiction. The public in the present day prefer brevity in a novel, and Mr. Henry James has sometimes administered very successfully to this popular demand. His latest novel, *The Bostonians* (Macmillan and Co.), has not this virtue to commend it. Three rather closely printed volumes describe a phase of American life by no means unknown, too, in this country, which would have mightily surprised Richardson's highly discreet and respectable hero. We may say at the outset that, according to Mr. James's theory as well as practice, there is nothing in this elaborately written fiction deserving the name of a plot. The emancipation of women from the dependence and the suffering inflicted on them by men is the "cause" to which a tolerably rich, young, but not beautiful Boston lady, Olive Chancellor by name, has dedicated her life. She never looks at anything, we are told, smaller than the universe, and "regards suffering as, spiritually speaking, so much cash in pocket." She always does what she dislikes, from conscientious motives; and it was on these grounds alone—for Olive loathed the male sex—that she asked Basil Ransom, a cousin from the Southern States, to pay her a visit. Together, with some foreboding fear on Miss Chancellor's part, they go to a rights-of-women meeting, in the expectation of hearing some "inspirational speaking." There Basil introduced to Miss Birdseye, a delightful old lady, who "belonged to the Short Skirts League, as a matter of course, for she belonged to any and every league that had been founded for almost any purpose whatever"; to Mrs. Farrinder, a lecturer whose object is to give the ballot to every woman in the country, and to take the flowing bowl from every man"; to Dr. Prance, a plain young woman with short hair and an eyeglass; to an odious young man who is an interviewer and "celebrated magazinist"; to a vulgar mesmeric healer named Tarrant, and finally to his daughter, Verena, the heroine of the novel. She is a lovely girl, and as simple as she is beautiful, and how such a rose could bloom in such a garden is a difficulty, unexplained by the novelist, that must be accepted for the sake of the story. The young creature has a gift of speaking due to genius, but which she attributes to her father's manipulations. That evening was destined to be one of the highest moment to three persons. Olive, who is passionately devoted to the emancipation of her sex, considers that Verena's eloquence will carry all before her, and conceives an instant friendship for her in consequence; and Basil, while laughing at the young girl's eloquent nonsense, falls desperately in love with her. It is in the delineation chiefly of Olive's strong, ardent, but repulsive character working in one direction, on Verena's generous enthusiasm, and, on the other hand, of the power exercised over her by Basil even while he laughs "the cause" to scorn, that the interest of the book consists. Throughout the volumes the conflict goes on, for Olive Chancellor holds what seems to be resistless power over the impressionable heart and mind of Verena, and cannot conceive of a young woman of sound

principles, like Miss Tarrant, giving herself to a man instead of to a movement. As to Verena, she wants to make a convert of Basil; and tells Olive that if their struggle is to be with men the more they know about them the better. Apart from his strength of will, her lover is not specially attractive; but the interviews between the two are delightful. And the walks and talks, which give the chief charm to the novel, are associated with incidental touches and bits of local colour that admit the stay-at-home English readers to scenes full of novelty and variety. The conclusion, although worked up with some power, is disappointing, for it has more the aspect of a sensational scene on the stage than of a natural development of the story. And Mr. James's style is not that of a master of language. Apart from such words as "feminisation," and such expressions as "the hero's fuliginous eye," and she was "an object of frequentation to undergraduates," there is scarcely a page in the novel free from parentheses. Sometimes, too, we venture to think that in the writer's minute and exhaustive details there is a waste of words.

A talk about books with a man who loves them can scarcely fail to be pleasant, and a leisure hour may be agreeably spent with Mr. J. Rogers Rees, who discourses, in a pretty-looking little volume, on *The Pleasures of a Book-worm* (Elliot Stock). Mr. Rees does not attempt to pronounce a judgment on the hundred best authors, for which abstention we may be thankful; but, in the first chapter, he has not a little to say on the associations which endear certain volumes to him. Then we have several bright glimpses of home life in connection with books; then a chapter on dedications, which seems a little out of harmony with its neighbours; a suggestive paper, called "An Odd Corner in a Book-lover's Study"; another on "Genius and Criticism"; and, finally, a short essay "On the Pursuit of Literature in Odd Moments." The rage for first editions of the poets, or rather of some poets, for the first editions of Scott have no value in the market, is like the taste for Chelsea china, which may any day go out of fashion; but books that contain a great writer's autograph, or his notes, must be of lasting interest. Even a modern book, as Mr. Rees points out, may have a sentimental value, and he recalls the fact that at the sale of Dante Rossetti's effects, Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," a gift from the author, with his autograph, realised thirty-one guineas. Who would not like to possess the copy of Southey's "Life of Wesley," containing Coleridge's notes, or, indeed, any volume which he made precious by his annotations? And who would not cherish as an heirloom the Bible which Burns gave to his Highland Mary, or the beloved volumes of Percy's "Reliques" which Walter Scott purchased when a boy, the first time he "could scrape a few shillings together"? The love for special copies of an author is oftentimes not understood by the most ardent student; but the bibliophile knows what this love is, and haply watches over his treasures with the rapture a mother feels for her firstborn. The passion for choice copies is apt to make a man extravagant, as Mr. Rees confesses; but book-buying, like courting, should be gone about warily. The book-hunter's pursuit has all the fascination of sport without its cruelty, and the patient hunter is content to be on the track of the prey he seeks to capture for months, or even years. The author, if we may hint a fault, writes too much of books which are modern, and belong to men whose works have not yet received the seal, and possibly never may, which entitles them to a place with the immortals. Some of these living writers are, no doubt, worthy of respect, but scarcely of the peculiar passion which stimulates the "book-worm." The author's desultory talk about the books he loves is alluring enough to induce a sympathetic reviewer to talk also. But we must forbear, and end this brief notice with the advice to readers which, no doubt, the writer will also tender—not to take up this dainty volume if they are too wise and too well instructed to sympathise with the unreasonable fancy of a book collector.

Considering the intrinsic value of the books, and the low price at which they are published, it would be difficult to praise *Cassell's National Library* too highly. Seven of the little volumes are on our table. *Sermons—the Card*, by Hugh Latimer, full of quaint wisdom, contains the famous discourse of the Plough, preached at St. Paul's more than three centuries ago, which is as applicable to our time as it was to the age of the sixth Edward. *My Ten Years' Imprisonment*, by Silvio Pellico, translated by Thomas Roscoe, is a narrative as familiar as it is charming, and needs no trumpet to proclaim its worth. And when spring comes, as we may hope it soon will, what pleasanter volume can a man on a country ramble put into his pocket than *The Complete Angler*, by Isaac Walton? *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, a repository of worldly wisdom, belongs to a very different, but not uninteresting, class of literature; and, if the reader has a turn for sentiment verging on sentimentality, what better volume can he choose for his companion than *The Man of Feeling*, by Henry Mackenzie, which, as the editor justly observes, "begins with imitation of Sterne, and proceeds, in due course, through so many tears, that it is hardly to be called a dry book"? Mackenzie could have had no sense of humour; but that Professor Morley has will be seen from his amusing index to the tears shed, "chokings, &c., not counted." Lord Wolseley tells the public that his reading of romance is confined to Macaulay's history and his essays. Well, the essay on *Warren Hastings* is, at all events, weighty with facts that are not fiction, and is one of the finest specimens of Lord Macaulay's masterly workmanship. This also may now be read in "Cassell's National Library," and if there is any reader fortunate enough not to know the famous *Edinburgh Review* article already, we can promise him an evening's enjoyment of no mean order. Of course, in saying this we do not forget that some prominent statements of the essayist require to be corrected by the recent researches of Sir James Stephen. For readers who care neither for history nor for controversy, here is Lord Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, but without the notes originally published with the poem, which was at one time, and for a time, the most popular in the language.

A pretty-looking little volume, published by Messrs. Field and Tuer, contains *Lines, Grace and Gay*, by W. Eldred Warde. The writer has mistaken silliness for humour, in his "gay" pieces.

We sat in shady valley,
Whilst I her love did beg;
Only I knew that sixteen ants
Were romping up my leg,

is an average specimen of many stanzas that might be quoted; and to see such foolish lines finely printed, with the dainty art of the Leadenhall Press, is likely to please no eye, save that of the writer. The "grave" pieces are better; but we are bound to add that many a public school magazine contains more creditable examples of versification. That Mr. Warde is very young, we take for granted, and he may be clever; but Nature never intended him to "lisp in numbers." It is a pity his friends did not tell him this plain truth before he was put to the expense and pain of asking for a verdict from the public.

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